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N. Ramanathan

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**TIRUVAIMOLI PROJECT**  
DECADS IV & V

*Tyāga Bhārati*



1986

N. Ramenathan



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Decads IV & V

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## *Tyāga Bhārati*

# Indian Music Journal

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# TAMIL CUSTOMS IN THE DIVYA PRABANDHAM

*Srirama Bharathi*

The Divya Prabandham provides an insight into many ancient customs of the Tamil culture, which have either passed into oblivion or exist merely as rituals today. The Alwars' poetry not only describe the nature and content of these practices, the context in which they are performed, and the spirit in which they must be viewed, but also the psychological benefit that accrues from them. Reference was made in an earlier article, (Music and Dance Traditions in the Divya Prabandham, IMJ XI, 1980, p. 57-64) to the folk elements in Tirumangai Alwar's poetry. This paper is an extension of that theme, and also refers to practices that arose as a movement of the masses, but became accepted by the Vedic intelligentsia.

## PUSAI

The Sanskrit word Puja has become accepted to mean prayer. However, the concept of prayer as petition for favours or penitence for sin appears to be alien to the Tamil psyche. The original Tamil word is Pusai, or adoration with flowers. The primary purpose is an aesthetic enjoyment and expression of love. The returns are spiritual, not worldly.

Andal outlines the process of flower-worship thus : "Coming as pure, we shall strew good flowers, sing songs, and contemplate." (தூயோமாய் வந்து நாம் தூமலர் தூவித்தொழுது வாயினால் பாடி மனதினால் சிந்திக்க, Tirup. 5)

Nammalwar extends the process of worship to the media of the five elements air, fire, earth, water, and space thus :

"With incense, lamp, fresh flowers, water, and songs, we shall worship everyday." (நாளும் புகையால் விளக்கால் புதுமலரால் நீரால் இறைஞ்சு, TVM 10-4-10)

The iconic representation of the Supreme Being (Arca) provides a direct physical means for the expression of love and the performance of acts connected with it. The Arca may be carved of wood or stone, cast in stucco or in bronze, may be self-formed or chiselled, but in all these, the common element is the actualization of a conceptual reality.

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The bliss of God—love is likened to the sweetness of milk, curds, honey, sugarcane juice and butter; only He is ஆரவருது, insatiable ambrosia. This association becomes strengthened when the icon is washed and bathed with milk, honey, and such other substances. Periya'war sings his love for the child Krishna with several decads devoted to bathing, anointing, and dressing the wonder-boy.

Song is the strongest expression of love, but the outward formations of language, melody and rhythm must spring from the inner consciousness of harmonious joy. Hence Dhyana is an integral part of worship, whether through pure song or through ritual acts accompanied by song (எண்ணும் திருநாமம், TVM 10.5.1)

The dominant Rase in Pusei are Srīngara and Karuna. The benefits that accrue from these acts are: opportunity for self-improvement (போயப் பிழையும் புகுதருவான் தின்றனவும் தீயினில் தூசாகும், Tirup 5) and Grace (அடியார்க்கு அருள் பேரே TVM 10.5-11)

## MADAL

This is an ancient practice of self-mortification in love. When a man becomes possessed by love for a woman of high birth and sees no hope of winning her hand by fair means, he may resort to mounting the thorny Palmyra stalk. He then rides it like a hobby horse inebriated, in the streets and highways everywhere, shouting lewd poetry and publicly declaring his love. The thorns on the Palmyra stalk pierce and bleed him, and the pain only heightens his love-madness.

Tirumangai Alwar has rendered two madals raving his love for God. The erotic theme is dramatised in the Siriya Tirumadal. Instead of a male seeking the hand of a female, it is Tirumangai in the garb of a female seeking the love of God. The poem introduces us to the heroine, a fair maiden with slender waist, firm round breasts, well-made coiffure and well ornamented frame. She comes to the balcony to play ball, when her friends below call her to join them and witness an acrobat dance on a pot. The allusion is to Krishna in his Lila at Brindavan, and also by association to the Arca at Kumbakonam. "Friends, this is when I was watching him dance, all my travails began," laments the heroine. I lost my fair bangles from my arms, and would not be consoled by any means." The loosening of bangles from the wrist is a symbolic expression of love-lament. The maiden gives up food and sleep and pines away for her lover.

Seeing that the maiden is possessed, the mother / chaperon calls a gypsy for help. The gypsy in turn examines the girl and goes into a trance. In her seance, she describes the "Spirit" of the person who has possessed the maiden, in terms which are an obvious reminder of the exploits of Krishna, Rama and Vamana-Trivikrama. She advises that the only way to cure the girl's infatuation is to get the Tulasi garland (Medicinal basil) from the feet of Krishna. Considering that this is an impossible task, the mother withdraws from the scene.

In the next scene, the heroine announces her intention to mount the Palmyra horse. A crowd gathers. People advise her not to perform the act, since prudery forbids a woman of high birth to roam the streets thus. The maiden however cites the instances of other heroines who have mortified themselves for their men's loves (Did not Sita walk the thorny path for her Rama's love?) and chalks out the arduous path she will trudge, seeking her Lord's love, or His medicinal Tulasi. The passage takes her through several of the Vaishnava shrines from Badari to Tirukkurugudi.

Tirumangai Alwar's Madals are part of the Iyarpa section (Book-III of the Nalayira Divya Prabandham). The dramatic element being dominant, they are generally sung in Svarantara during the deity's procession. The love-motif finds a place in the Isaipa also, in Nammalwar's Masaru Codi (TVM 5.3). "After I have lost my charms, my hue, and my shame, sister, what does it matter if the world speaks slanderously of us? Let my mother spit fire, it does not matter. I shall ride the Palmyra horse" sings Nammalwar as Nayika conversing with her Sakhi. The music is set in the raga Todi, Caturasra nadai Rupaka tala, and recalls the merry canter of the horse and the indignant tone of its rider. One feels a sense of suspense and fear, Bhayanaka, in the Madal poetry, but this only subserves the main rasa of Srīngara which is dominant to the theme.

The benefit that accrues from the Madal songs, says Nammalwar is that all the world will be to them as Vaikuntha, (வைகுந்தமாகும் தம்முடெல்லாம்) or heaven. But perhaps we could better ask a child what thrill there is in riding a hobby horse!

## KULAMANI DURAM

"Removal of the jewels on the ears and coiffure", this is a humiliation dance inflicted upon the vanquished in war, by the

victor. Among other acts, the victor cuts the stem of the enemy's parasol and measures out his territory for annexation. He takes the other's queens, strips him of his regalia, and makes him dance on his knees, hands tied behind the back, to the beat of the drum.

The custom is made use of by Tirumangai Alwar in his decad (PT 10.3) to describe the plight of the routed Rakshasas in the hands of the victorious Vanara army, after Rama's siege of Lanka city. The Rakshasas are made to beg for mercy, chanting Rama's fair name "till the tongues are swollen" (ஏத்துகின்றோம் நாத்தழும்பு இராமன் திருநாமம்).

This is preceded by a decad in which the sound of the tribal drum "Tadam Pongottam Pongo" appears as a refrain in the fourth line of each stanza. The pleading tone of the Rakshasas is heightened by the music set in Des raga. Tirumangai Alwar exhorts all devotees to sing and dance, and adds in the Pongottam Pongo that those who perform this will have no despair here, and at death, the Universe (Vaikuntha) will be their abode. (இம்மையேயிடிலில் இறந்தால் தங்குமுண்டமே, PT 10-2).

Vibhatsa, aversion, is the rasa when contemplating the Rakshasas' plight but cleverly used to highlight Karuna for Sita in her imprisonment.

#### SIRRIL

Children are fond of building sand castles. They beautify it with flowers, flags and colours. This is a creative expression of joy. Andal uses this common motif to invite Kamadeva, god of love. Even as she and her friends complete their sand castles (Sirrils) and rise, Krishna, a young prankster, appears and destroys them with his foot. The spontaneous act evokes the tender love of young boys and girls, and Andal's decad in the Nachiyar Tirumozhi sings this theme in openly erotic terms. The rasa is Sringara, and the Phalasruti grants Heaven to those who recite it (குறைவின்றி வைகுந்தம் சேர்வரே, NT 2-10).

#### KUDAL

Among the many omens in the Tamil tradition, Kudal is a god invoked to join parted lovers. Tirumalaisai Alwar refers to this as a mystic ring in his Tiruccendaviruttam. Andal sets the fourth decad of her Tirumoli to this strain. She blindfolds herself and

draws a circle. If the circle closes, that is, if beginning and end meet, there is hope of union with her heart's desire. If not, there is still hope: draw three circles, and see if two close. If not, again there is hope: draw ten circles and see if even numbers close. Maidens do this with coloured sand-dust during spring time, and the picture it creates on the floor is beautiful to watch.

Andal blesses such performers with freedom from sin (இல்லை பாவமே, NT 4.10)

#### PEY VIRATTAL

The exorcising of evil spirits has already been referred to in Madal above. When a person's behaviour appears strange or irrational, when there is excessive loss of appetite and sleep, for no apparent reason, when he or she speaks disjointedly, hysterically or deliriously, when he or she is afflicted by depression of the spirit, then an evil spirit or ghoulish is said to have possessed him or her. To rid the person of the spirit, drums beat and men and women dance in a frenzy, shaking their shoulders and beating their hands. A goat is butchered, and toddy is poured, to propitiate the spirit. Black rice is offered at the altar. The dancing is accompanied by loud toneless music of pipes and drums.

The picture appears barbaric to the "modern" mind, but let us recall that depression of spirits ("mental health") is very much a problem even today, perhaps more so in the industrially advanced nations, and that the solutions that such societies have come up with ("Friday night fevers") are really no different from Pey-Virattal.

Nammalwar has devoted a decad to this theme. A maiden deeply affected by God-love is diagnosed as being possessed, and a witch-doctor is sent for, to perform the exorcism. A well-meaning friend of the girl strongly protests and suggests other ways to cure the maiden. "Offer her a sprig of Tulasi, white mud, the company of pious Bhagavatas, and chant, sing and dance the names of the Lord. Take her to a temple if you can. That will cure her." (T.V.M. 4.6) The message cannot be clearer for those who can take it.

Andal uses a similar motif in the penultimate decad of her Tirumoli. After all efforts to secure her love fail, she passes into a swoon, and in her "last words" asks for a whiff of fresh air fanned with the Lord's vestments, or His sacred Tulasi on her hair, or a drop of water from the Lord's flute-hole to revive her.

Nammalwar concludes that those who can sing and dance his decad will forever be freed of depression of spirits (தொழுதாடிப் பாட வல்லார் துக்க சீலமிலர்களே TVM-6.11) Andal too vouchsafes the same (துன்பக்கடலுள் துவளாரே, NT 13.10).

## Seminal Study

### RAGAS IN SEED FORM

Ragas found their full development in the Kritis of the Trinity some two hundred years ago. Many new ragas were developed from Melakartas enriching our heritage. Age-old traditional tunes were preserved in the new Sahityas of Vaggeyskaras during that period. The process continued, much in the style set by the Trinity. And then there began a process of change, a little over sixty years ago, a process which has been hotly criticised, or strongly defended, but never stopped: People have begun to feel less and less, and think more and more. Music then, has ceased to be a communication of hearts, reaches the inner man less and less and serves only to please or tingle the outer ear.

A concern was voiced in a seminar recently (held at Madras by the Sruti Foundation) over the 'state and fate of Karnatak Music'. The speakers were for the most part speaking at a tangent, their concern being more for the dwindling Market for the art, but the occasion was noteworthy insofar as it drew attention to (a) the breakdown of classical values, (b) the inability of the modern musician to draw and sustain the interest of their listeners and (c) the unwillingness of the rising generation to carry forward the cultural torch. A positive outlook emerged from a point made by an unscheduled speaker, which was later taken up and elaborated by 'IAS' Ramamurthy, that in the Indian system of thought, Dhvani, or tone, is said to be Sasvata, or permanent/eternal, and that ragas therefore are undying. With the qualification that some ragas do pass out of fashion, and that the Trinity's development of sancaras in the major ragas do face extinction due to disuse or mishandling, we accept the spirit of the statement. Ragas being tone poems developed from Pranava which is the undying seed of all sound, every new generation will discover the medium for its artistic expression by contemplating on the seed.

It is a source of inspiration and humility to realise that far from being creators of our art, we as artists and rasikas are for the most part consumers of an art created long ago, and that art will never find its relevance in the lives of people unless the truly creative principle is restored. This may result in novelty, or it may revive something of the distant past, but either way, the effect will find life by the strength of its creative force.

Many old ladies in villages even today, spin out songs in fond praise of the temple deity. They do not compose, they merely



sing. But therein lies a fund of valuable raga material, in its nascent stage, almost seed form. Simple two-lines tunes pulsate with life, preserving more of the spirit of ragas than can Arohana-Avarohana and elaborate notes/recordings.

Here are some tunes collected during the past few years as part of our activities to promote group-singing. Readers may write and tell us of more they may have.

1 Bhairavi : (Vanam Ennum, IMJ XII) p. 56 )

DnSaSa SaSaSa DnSaSa RMgRiSa niniDa PaPaMa PdniDa Pa...  
PaSaSa niDaPa MaPaMa MgaRiSa SRaRi PMagRi gaSaSa Sa...

2 Yadukula Kamboji : (Dwarkapuri, IMJ XIV p. 67 )

SaSa SaSa RiMa PaDa DSSD DPPM MPMD Pa...  
PDDS SDDP DPMG RSRI RiMG GRMG RSaS Sa...

3 Navroj : (Sundeli Nalu, IMJ XII, p. 44 )

SaSS SaSa SaRS SNDP DaSS SaSS SRGM Ga...  
GaMa PaMG RiMG RSSS SRiR RiNR GPGR SNDP

4 Sahana : (Lali Sri)

Dani	Sa.n	Dani	Sa...	DSnD	Ma.G	RiGM	Pa...
lali	Sri	Krsnu	du	nila	me	gavaru	na
RiRi	...Ga	MaPa	PaMa	GaGa	GaRi	RMGR	Sa...
baLa	go	paLay	ya	nidra	po	krsnay	ya

—Editor

## TIRUPPALLANDU IN HINDI

*Srirama Bharati*

Periyalwar, a Brahmin in Srivilliputtur near Madurai, lived during the reign of Vallabhadeva Raya of the Pandya dynasty (8th cent. AD). He used to make flower garlands for the Lord (Vatapatra Sai). Once he spoke inspired before a collection of Pandits on the merits of the Bhagavata Dharma, and the contest prize came to him unasked. The king honoured him, made Bhagavata Dharma the State religion, and took Periyalwar in procession on a caparisoned elephant. On the elephant, Periyalwar had a vision of the Lord appearing on his Garuda. He burst into song "Pallandu, pallandu" in ecstasy, and grabbed the elephant bells in his hands and began to ring them.

Sadagopan had had a vision of how Periyalwar had done this, when he was in the Alagar temple at Madurai in 1973, and he burst into song saying "this is how he must have sung it." He then sat and worked on the remaining ten stanzas from July to September 1976 and taught it to us at Delhi. When it was completed, he said he felt this was a masterpiece, and was able to fully recapture the first vision that Periyalwar had initiated.

### THE COMPOSITION

The Tiruppallandu is the first decad of the Divya Prabandham. It is traditionally considered the Pranava of the eight-syllable Mantra. In terms of Sadagopan's musical arrangement too, the



description fits, as it requires intensive breath control and voice-culture. Unlike Kritis, there is no room for extemporization or free song.

This piece is also the earliest musicological representative of the Tri-dhatu Prabandha available to us in actual performance. The name Divya Prabandham thereby gains greater significance, for it is clear that Prabandha here refers not only to metrical poem but also its musical treatment. This is a vital but neglected aspect of Alvars' works. (For more, see The Divya Prabandham as a Musical Form, IMJ XIV, 1985, p. 37-41)

### PERFORMANCE

In the temple, the piece is to be performed before the Acala vigraha. The Arayar, or anyone else designated to perform, is honoured with the Lord's vestment (Pariattam) and a flower garland from his person. The Arayar then addresses his song to the Lord (stanzas 1 & 2), then to the gathering (stanzas 3-8) then again to the Lord (Stanzas 9, 10). At this point he moves into dance, recalling the Kalia-Nartana. Finally he addresses the Lord in a poignant personal rapport. The piece closes with a Phala-sruti, offering benedictions to all who have shared the experience.

### THE HINDI VERSION

I have performed this piece on many occasions, but often felt that my non-Tamil speaking audiences were missing the grandeur of the message. A challenging opportunity arose in the summer of 1985, when there was a proposal to invite me for performance at the Vishnu Digambar Festival at IKS, Khairagerh. Slowly, a Hindi version of the text began to take shape, which closely followed the original phonemically.

Often, Sanskrit words would appear and these would enter the Hindi version without any difficulty. Throughout the process, the music-in raga, tala, svara, and phrasing-remained identical to the Tamil rendering, and the work was completed with a manuscript on Bhurja patra.

The invitation at Khairagerh did not materialise, nevertheless we sang it at Malkote on Digambar Jayanti before a small gathering. Those who heard it said they were reminded of Tagore's Bengali version of Dikshitar's Purvikalyani kriti Minakshi, or Syama Sastri's parallel Telugu version of his Kalyani

Himadrisute. On the whole the experience was satisfying, for I had felt committed to retaining Sadagopan's music, and was able to do so translingually.

The text repeats the Tamil in Hindustani verbatim. Only in the last line of stanza 12, I was compelled to deviate from the verbal sentiment, in order to accommodate the spirit. The original line reads பரமபுகார் குழந்திருந்தேத்துவர் பல்லாண்டே, which actually recalls to the mind's eye the Lord's Durbar, where devotees throng in the order of their merit, and perform various Kainkaryas like waving the whisk, holding the parasol, fanning etc. This is familiar to those who have seen the temple ritual. In the Hindi version I have only said "those who deeply love the Lord", conveying thereby the Sense of the original.

The Hindi version has helped me communicate to larger audiences immensely. Once in Nanguneri (Vanamamalai) I was overwhelmed by the presence of a huge throng of devotees from Rajasthan and was delighted to know that the Lord's fame has such vast boundaries. My rapport with them through the "Bahuvvarsh" was immediate, and lasting.

The text of the Hindi version appears on pages 2-4 of the section. Readers who can help me improve the version may like to write and tell me of their views. For those who may not know the original Tamil, a rough English equivalent is given below.

1. Many years, many years, many thousands of years, and many hundred thousands more. Gem hued Lord with mighty wrestling shoulders, your ruby lotus feet are our refuge.
2. To the bond between us, many and many a thousand years. To the dainty lady resting on your manly chest, many and many a thousand years.

To the fiery orb discus adorning your right shoulder, many and many a thousand years.

To the conch Pancajanya that struck terror in the battlefield, many and many a thousand years.

3. You that stand and suffer life, come, accept talc paste and fragrance. Those who are slaves of the palate we shall not admit into our fold.

For seven generations, pure hearted, we have sung the praises of Kodandarama who launched an army and destroyed Lanka, demon's haunt.

4. Before you place your trust on infirm ground, come join us. O like-hearted men, give up your temporal aims and join us quick. Let town and country resound with the chant Namō Narayana. Ye devotees who wish to sing come join us in singing "Bahavarsha".
5. Asserting His supremacy over all creation, as Hrishikesa, He destroyed the clannish Asuras and Rakshases.

O devotees, revere His feet, chanting the thousand names. Give up your old connections and ways, and sing many thousands of years, "Bahavarsha".

6. My father's father's father's father, and his grandfather before him, over seven generations have performed His service.

In the asterism of Saravana, at dusk, he came as the man-lion and tore apart the foe. End your suffering, join us. Sing many years, many thousand years, "Bahavarsha".

7. Branded with the shape of the radiant discus, blazing with the brilliance of fire, we stand and serve generation after generation. For Him who swirled the discus over Bana who was waging wars of illusion, and made his thousand shoulders bleed, sing "Bahavarsha".
8. He gives me good rice food with ghee, and privileges of attendance. Betel leaf and areca nut in hand, ornaments for neck and ears, and fragrant Sandal paste to smear. He purges my soul. He has Garuda on his banner, for Him I sing Bahavarsha.
9. The yellow vestment you wear and discard, we wear, and eat your leftovers. The woven Tulasi flowers you wear we wear and rejoice in. Keeping watch over the ways of

the world you appeared in the Asterism of Saravana; reclining on a hooded snake, to thee we sing 'Bahavarsha'.

10. My Lord, the day we became your bonded serfs, that very day our entire clan found its refuge and salvation, see. O you who appeared in that auspicious day in Mathura and destroyed (Kamse's) arsenal, and danced on the five-hooded snake, "Bahavarsha" to you.
11. (Note : Pancama sruti, in which the above two stanzas are rendered, is a rare Prayoga devised by Sadagopan to demonstrate the identity of relationship between Punnagavarali and the Uttaranga of Bhairavi that follows.)
12. Like the faultless chief of Kottiyur, Selvanambi, a mountain of respectability, I too my Lord, am an old faithful servant of thee. Chanting Namō Narayana and other names in myriad ways with all my power, O pure One, I sing Bahavarsha to thee.
13. These words were uttered with love by Villiputtur's Vishnu Chitta (Periyalwar), wishing Bahavarsha for the pure Lord, large hearted one, wielder of the Saranga bow. Those who enjoy singing, chanting Namō Narayanaya this good year, and surround the Lord at all times, for them too, "Bahavarsha".

## VADIVALAGU POETRY IN BHAKTI LITERATURE

### INTRODUCTION

While the Alvars addressed their poetry to God in all his manifestations of Para, Vyuha, Vibhava, Arca, and Antaryamin, it was to the Arca that they were most attracted. The captivating still-life beauty of the icon sent the Alvars into raptures, and they would break into song.

Can the process work in the reverse as well? Can song transform itself into icon? It would appear yes, for when Nammalvar came to his worldly journey's end, Madhurakavi made it his mission to spread the Tiruvaimoli, and sang a decad in his Guru's praise. But he so missed his Guru that the song, wherein he says that his master's form appears before him wherever he roams, inspired him to cast his master's icon. It is said that with his yogic powers he heated Tamraparni waters and produced an icon. This was one with folded hands (Anjali Mudra), "But this is not how I have seen you these many years", the disciple protested with disappointment, whereupon he was bade to repeat the process. This time the icon appeared with Upadesa mudra, and this icon of Nammalvar is worshipped under the Tamarind tree where he sat, at Alvar Tirunagari to this day. (The earlier icon became Bhavishyadacarya, Ramanuja, and is installed at the Mutt nearby.)

Poetry inspired by the icon has a long tradition in the Tamil literary history. It becomes a preoccupation in vaishnava literature as Vadivalagu idupadu. Ilakkana Vilakkam (5.6.) distinguishes, two formats: Padadikesam or description from toe to head, and Kesadipadam or description from head to toe. The convention is to reserve the former for eulogising God (Tiruppadakesan, Perialvar 3.20) and the latter for describing all Alvars and Acaryas. Exception do exist. For example, Nammalvar in TVM 7.3 describes the enchanting beauty of Krishna's face directly. Again in Mudiccodi (TVM 3.1) he speaks first of Mudi (crown), and then of Adi (feet).

The earliest complete description of form appears to be Tiruppanalvar's Analanadipiran, where the reclining Ranganatha of Srirangam is described in nine moving songs—feet, vestments, naval, waistband, chest, neck, coral lips, radiant eyes, and face—and ends with the dedication that having enjoyed this vision, his eyes shall see naught else.

A similar poem in curnika (free verse) is Tirumangai Alvar. Vadivalagu, a work ascribed to Sri Varavara Muni (15th cent.). The life-like description brings to the mind's eye the standing icon of Tirumangai mannan at Vayalali, his birth-place, standing in Anjali mudra with spear resting on his left shoulder. A version heard from Yatirajamma was given in Devagana (1985). Another version from a privately circulated booklet is given here. This is generally rendered in Devagandhari raga, in free rhythm.

### திருமங்கை ஆழ்வார் வடிவழகு

பேதை நெஞ்சே! இன்றைப் பெருமை அறிந்திலையோ!  
ஏது பெருமை இன்றைக்கென்னென்னில்—ஒதுகிறேன்.

வாய்த்தபுகழ் மங்கையர் கோன் மாநிலத்தில் வந்துதித்த  
கார்த்திகையில் கார்த்திகை நான்.

மாறன் பணித்த தமிழ்மறைக்கு மங்கையர் கோன்  
ஆறுங்கம் கூற அவதரித்த—வீறுடைய

கார்த்திகையில் கார்த்திகைநான் இன்றென்று காதலிப்பார்  
வாய்த்த மலர்த்தாள்கள் நெஞ்சே வாழ்த்து.

அணைத்தவேலும் தொழுதகையும்  
 அமுந்திய திருநாமமும்  
 ஓமென்றவாயும் உயர்ந்தமூக்கும்  
 குளிர்ந்தமுகமும் பரந்த விழியும்  
 பதிந்த நெற்றியும் நெறித்த புருவமும்  
 சுருண்டகுழலும் வடிந்தகாதும்  
 அசைந்த காதுகாப்பும் தாழ்ந்த செவியும்  
 சரிந்த கழுத்தும் அகன்றமார்பும்  
 திரண்ட தோளும் நெளித்த முதுகும்  
 குவித்தயிலையும் அல்லிக்கயிறும்  
 அமுந்திய சீராவும் தூக்கிய கருங்கோவையும்  
 தொங்கலும் தனிமாலையும்  
 தளிருமிளிராமாய் நிற்கிற நிலையும்  
 சாற்றியதிருத்தண்டையும்  
 சதிரான வீரக்கழலும் தஞ்சமான தாளினையும்  
 குந்தியிட்ட கணைக்கால்களும் குளிரவைத்த திருவடி மலரும்  
 வாய்த்த திருமணங்கொல்லையும்  
 வயலாலி மணவாணமும்  
 வாடினேன் வாடி வாழ்வித்தருளிய  
 நீலக்கலிகன் றி மருவலர்தழுடல்துணிய  
 வாள் வீசும் பரகாலன் மங்கை மன்னனான வடிவே

உறைகழித்த வானையொத்த விழிமடந்தை மாதர்மேல்  
 உருகவைத்த மனமொழித்திவ் வுலகளந்த நம்பிமேல்  
 குறையவைத்து மடலெடுத்த குறையலாளி திருமணங்  
 கொல்லைதன்னில் வழிபறித்த குற்றமற்ற செங்கையான்  
 மறையுரைத்த மந்திரத்தை மாலுரைக்கவன்முனே  
 மடியொதுக்கி மனமடக்கி வாய்புதைத்து வென்னலார்  
 கறைகுளித்த வேலணைத்து நின்றவிந்த நிலைமையென்  
 கண்ணை விட்டகன்றிடாது கலையானனை யானையே.

காதும் சொரிமுத்தும் கையும் கதிர்வேலும்  
 தாதுபுனை தாளினையும் தனிச்சிலம்பும்—நீதிபுனை  
 தென்னாவி நாடன் திருவழகைப் போல  
 என்னுனை யொப்பா நிலையே.

வேலணைத்தமார்பும் விளங்கு திருவெட்டெழுத்தை  
 மாலுரைக்கத் தாழ்த்த வலச்செவியும்—தாளினினைத்  
 தண்டையும் வீரக்கழலும் தார்க்கலியன் நன்முகமும்  
 கண்டு களிக்கு மென் கண்.

இதுவோ திருவரசு இதுவோ திருமணங்கொல்லை  
 இதுவோ எழிலாவி என்னுமார்—இதுவோதான்  
 வெட்டுங்கலியன் வெருட்டி நெடுமலை  
 எட்டெழுத்தும் பறித்தவிடம்.

## TIRUVAIMOLI PROJECT

This year, after completing a read-through (Parayanam) of the Tiruvaimoli, we launched on an ambitious project to reconstruct its musical rendering, a work ascribed to Nathamuni (10th. cent?), though hitherto not attempted in recent history. Our "enforced" stay in Alwar-Tirunagari came as an unexpected blessing for inspiration. There, by the shrine of the saint stands the venerable tamarind tree which stood witness to the Nammalwar-Madhurakavi saga. Residing in Alwar-Tirunagari, we tried to enter into the spirit of the work, to unravel its secret delights.

The Tiruvaimoli is literally an ocean, pacific, deep, and wide. It is easy to become drowned in the meaning, and perhaps that too is its joy. Our challenge lay in immersing ourselves deep, then emerging over the surface laden with its gems. We have brought out decads 4.1 to 5.10 this year, -translated in free English verse, music written out in svara-notation, learnt by rote, taught, and performed. We trust this is an improvement over our earlier attempts, which were random selections.

During this work, which took about three months from mid-September to mid-December, we were fortunate to visit most of the temple shrines that Nammalwar has sung of in these decads. We were struck by the fullness of life touching the remotest parts of the countryside everywhere. We felt, strangely, taken back into time by several centuries, because the idyllic surroundings fitted in every way the descriptions in Nammalwar's poetry—the white storks, the marshy paddy fields, lotus and lily flowers in water-tanks, the tall areca, coconut and plantain groves, the green flowing waters of the rivers.

The deities residing in the temples were all a source of inspiration, but most of all the Lord at Tirukkurungudi, fondly addressed as Alagiya Nambi. Perhaps this is not surprising, because the Lord is also described as Nada-vinoda Nambi, fond of music, and some twentytwo families of Arayars are said to have resided there at one time.

Our translation is strictly not word-to-word, nor is it a poetic rendering. It is more in the nature of "sleeve notes" for the music. But it is, we believe, the first concerted effort to translate the work in its entirety. Attempts by others more competent have only treated the poem in parts, often adapted.

A word about the music also. The TTD and some other bodies have, in recent times, released cassette recordings of Pasurams from the Divya prabandham, and often an unpleasant reference is made to these when we talk to people about our work. From the time we brought to the fore VVS's rendering of the Tiruppallandu, we have been at pains to distinguish between merely setting a Pasuram to tune and bringing back to life the text through music. Our effort has been in the latter, and our notes on Madal, Naicyanusandhanam, and Payyvirattal, appearing elsewhere in this Journal, will testify to the validity of our claim.

The music is set for the first Pasuram of each decad, and one other (generally the second). These are called the Uyir Pasurams. The others are repeated in the same strain, or recited freely. There appears to be an ambiguity in the prevailing terminology of "Tiruvaimoli" and "Pattu", when translated. I have preferred to call a group of ten (actually eleven, including the Palasrutu) Pasurams a decad, and follow the decimal system thereafter.

Once again, we must acknowledge our deep indebtedness to our Guru VVS who showed us the way to take in deeply the text of Pasurams, feel it in its wholeness, then sing it as it comes, keeping euphony of tone and rhythm uppermost. "You must make it your own", he would say, and this has been an advice of lasting value.

The strongest incentive for good work can only be the feedback one receives from responsive readers, discerning listeners, scholars and students. We seek this in abundant measure, for the continuance of the work to completion.

Kaisiki Ekadesi, 12-12-86.  
Alwar Tirunagari.

*Srirama Bharati*  
*Sowbhagya Lakshmi*

# *TVM 4.1 Orunayakam*

1. Contemplate, quick, the feet of Tirunarayana and rise !  
For, monarchs who rule the world as one empire  
Do one day go begging, for all the world to see,  
Leg bitten by black bitch, bowl broken, shamed.
2. Come quick and join the feet of the Lord with radiant crown !  
They who ruled the world with vassals paying tribute  
Have one day left their harem for others to enjoy their  
queens,  
And spent their days in misery under blazing forest sun.
3. Quick, think of the fragrant Tulasi crowned Krishna's feet.  
They who ruled with great kettledrums beating in their  
porticos  
Over kings who touched their feet with their heads,  
Do one day become pulverised to dust.
4. Begun to count, more numerous than the sand grains on the  
dunes.  
Are the kings that have ruled and left the earth over ages.  
Save their forts razed to ground, nothing do we see of them.  
Worship the feet of the Lord who killed the rut-elephant.
5. They who enjoyed sweet union with coiffured nymphs.  
Who vied with each other for favours on soft cool flowery  
beds  
Do now roam dangling a loin-cloth, scorned and laughed  
at by all.  
Live by uttering the name of the Lord of radiant gem-hue.
6. Those who lived well did but live like bubbles in a mighty  
shower.  
Those who lived from then to now are naught.  
If you wish to live well and remain,  
Serve the Lord who reclines in the deep ocean.
7. After feasting well on six-tasty meals  
They would feast again, cajoled by sweet-tongued nymphs.  
Now they go begging from house to house for a morsel.  
So recall the glories of our Tulasi-crowned Lord.

8. Even good benign kings of canopied fame.  
Who make generous grants and win the world  
And rule in fragrant happiness must one day fall.  
Learn the names of the serpent-couch Lord, for permanence,
9. Even those that cut attachments, tame their senses,  
And mortify their bodies till weeds grow on them,  
Are still left without a goal. They enjoy heaven, and return.  
Reach for the Garuda-banner Lord, there is no return.
10. Seers who contemplate on consciousness, giving up all else,  
Do attain the heaven of Atman. But memory remains,  
And brings them back to passion. Then there is no liberation.  
Hold on to the feet of the deathless Lord, that alone is  
liberation.
11. This deced of the beautiful thousand songs,  
By Satakopa of dense flower-groved Kurugur,  
Are addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge.  
Those who learn it shall live free from despair.

*TVM 42 Balanai*

1. Alas, my frail daughter swoons  
Asking for the cool Tulasi from the feet of the Lord  
Who swallowed the seven worlds with ease,  
And slept as a child on a fig leaf.
2. O the vicious noose trapping my daughter!  
She asks for the fragrant Tulasi from the feet of the Lord,  
Who shamelessly played amorous sports  
With cowherd girls of tendril-thin waists.
3. O the heavy pail! My daughter cries for the  
Golden hued Tulasi garland  
Adorning the lotus feet of the Lord  
Whose praise is sung by Vedic seers and celestials.
4. My sinful daughter of broad shoulders prates only  
Of the golden Tulasi garland on the radiant feet  
Of the Lord who is praised by raving philosophers.

5. My pretty daughter weakens day by day,  
Thinking of the cool Tulasi garland on the feet  
Of the Lord who killed seven bulls for Nappinnai's hand,  
The cowherd prince who danced with pots.
6. My daughter has become mad repeating her desire  
For the golden Tulasi on the feet of the Lord  
Who took the form of a boar in the beginning of creation  
To lift beautiful earth-dame from deluge waters.
7. O ladies of radiant forehead!  
My foolish daughter pines away  
For the cool fragrant Tulasi garland on the feet of the Lord  
Who bears the Lotus-dame Lakshmi on his chest.
8. O ladies, what shall I do?  
She covets only the fragrance-wafting Tulasi garland  
On the feet of the Lord who gutted Lanka with arrows,  
For the love of beautiful Sita.
9. O ladies, you too have brought up daughters with love.  
How shall I describe my poor one's plight?  
She prates about conch and discus, and Tulasi  
On and on, by day and and by night. What shall I do!
10. What shall I do, O ladies? My foolish tender one  
Does not heed my words, nor obey my commands.  
She withers for the Tulasi garland from the jeweled Krishna's  
feet,  
As her only proper ornament for her gold-girdled breasts.
11. This deced of the thousand beautiful songs  
By Satakopa of beautiful Kurugur city,  
Are addressed to Krishna's feet, the cure for love-sickness.  
Those who can recite it will be fitting company for celestials.



*TVM 4:3 Kovai Vayal*

1. O Lord who battled a horde of bulls for coral-lipped  
(Nappinnai),  
Who Killed Lanka's king with arrows and rutted  
elephant with his tusk,  
I have not worshipped thee with 'fragrant flowers and  
water;  
My heart is the sandal paste for thy cool flower like face.
2. For my Lord, the one, who swallowed the universe, then  
made it!  
My heart is sandal paste, my poem a fitting garland  
Is also his radiant vestment.  
My folded hands are his big radiant jewels.
3. You became the one, the two, the three, and the many,  
Then the five elements, the twin orbs, and all the souls.  
O Narayana! Then you ascended a serpent couch and  
slept in the ocean!  
Fitting your Being into my body, my soul has overcome  
sorrow
4. O chief of the cowherd clan, O Madhava, O Vamana,  
Destroyer of poison-breasted demoness (Putana),  
I do not worship you timely with fresh flower garlands,  
My whole life is a garland worthy of being wrapped on  
your crown.
5. For Krishna, my Lord, who bears the wheel of time,  
My life is the perfect garland, my love his radiant crown.  
His countless jewels and even his vestments are my love.  
Even his praise the three worlds sing are my love.
6. I cry and call out O bearer of the wheel of time,  
Bearer of white conch, Narayana who swallowed the  
universe, then made it.  
Even if nothing happens, your tinkling lotus-feet become  
my head's ornaments.

7. O lovely dwarf who extended tinkling feet and took the  
earth,  
O Lord who stands as refuge for those who come with  
folded hands,  
I do not worship you with fragrant flowers and water.  
Yet your mysterious radiance stands guard over my soul.
8. Filling the seven fair worlds, you became them all.  
O icon of brilliant knowledge, borne by my soul!  
My soul is yours, your soul is mine; how can I say how?
9. I am not fit to describe your infinite glory-flood,  
When will I reach its banks? I swoon with love.  
O indifferent Lord, faultless effulgence!  
Great and good Celestials stand and sing your praise;  
I too sang.
10. Even if I sing his praise, and all the seven worlds join,  
And the Lord himself sings his own praise, would we  
come to an end?  
Sweet like milk, honey, sugar and ambrosia!  
I too sang that I may rejoice.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs  
By Satakopa of Kurugur with lotus fields  
Are addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge.  
Those who sing it will rejoice here and rule over heaven

*TVM 4.4 Mannai Irundu*

1. O ladies with raining bangles I What can I do? He has  
made my daughter love-sick.  
She caresses the earth and says "this is Vamana's earth".  
She points to the sky and says "that is his Vaikuntha".  
Her heart's grief overflows from her eyes; "ocean-hued Lord"  
she sighs.
2. She folds her bangled hands saying "The Lord sleeps in the  
ocean".  
She points to the red sun and says "There is Sridhara's  
form".  
With tears welling, she swoons, then only says "Narayana".  
Ladies! I can scarcely understand my godly fawn's deeds.
3. She fondles the known red fire unhurt and says "this is  
Acyuta".  
She fondles the blowing cold wind and says "here comes  
Govinda".  
Woe is me, she smells strongly of Tulasi flowers—  
The things my bangled fawn does these days!
4. She points to the radiant moon and says "radiant gem-hued  
Lord".  
She looks at a standing mountain and calls "Come, my Lord!"  
She sees a pouring rain and dances "Narayana has come".  
When did He cast such spells on my tender one?
5. She hugs tender chubby calves and says "Govinda has  
grazed these".  
She goes after a young snake and says "there is Govinda's  
bed".  
Woe is me, I know not where this will end,  
The spells that the Lord has cast on my tender daughter!

6. Seeing an acrobat dance on a pot, she runs saying "that is  
Govinda alright".  
Hearing a stray flute melody, she runs saying "That is  
Govinda".  
Seeing tempting, milkmaids' butter, she says "the butter  
he ate".  
Such is her madness for the Lord who drank Putana's  
breasts.
7. Her madness rises, as she says "all this is Krishna's  
creation".  
Seeing men wearing mud on forehead she runs saying  
"The Lord's devotees".  
Seeing fragrant Tulasi flowers, she says "This is  
Narayana's garland".  
This precious girl is obsessed with God, in her madness  
and out of it.
8. Seeing wealthy nobles, she says "I have seen my Tirumal".  
Seeing a shapely rainbow she dances saying "Vamana  
measured the earth".  
All temples with icons are her ocean-hued Krishna's temples.  
Through fear and fatigue she seeks His feet, without  
a break.
9. Seeing saintly men she says eagerly "Lord who swallowed  
the Universe".  
Seeing dark laden clouds she calls "Krishna!" and tries  
to fly.  
Seeing herds of cattle, she says "the Lord is there among  
them" and follows.  
My hard-begotten daughter is afflicted to tears by the Lord.
10. She swoons, and stares, blankly into the distance, and  
sweats.  
Tears fall like rain; she sighs hotly and weakly calls  
"Krishna".  
And "Come my Lord". Woe is me, what shall I do?  
My daughter is smitten by a maddening love-sickness.
11. This decad of the thousand songs, is addressed  
By Kurugur Saint Satakopa, to benevolent Krishna.  
Those who learn it as good words will end misery,  
Enter Vaikuntha, and reign worshipped by all.

*TVM 4.5 Virrirundelulagum*

1. My Lord who tore the horse (Kesi's) jaws sits in command.  
Over the seven worlds in eternal good, and rules patiently.  
He wears on his crown the garland of poems that I have  
sung in joy,  
Praising him with folded hands; now what do I lack for seven  
lives?
2. He bears on his chest the dark-eyed lotus dame (Lakshmi)  
Lord of celestials, he has beautiful large red eyes.  
I have the fortune of singing his praise with soft articulated  
words,  
Thereby destroying the strange world's deathly miseries.
3. Our Acyuta, flower-eyed Lord, bearer of highest good,  
Resides in the farthest limit of eternal joy.  
Lord of celestial without end, I have attained him through  
songs  
Praising him; now I am in the farthest limit of eternal joy too I
4. He rides the beautiful winged Garuda and bears the powerful  
discus.  
My Lord loves and cares for devotees who stand and worship  
him.  
With my tongue I have sung his praise and attained him.  
The way the spirit moves my soul I do not understand.
5. The Lord of celestials who unfolds all meanings,  
My Lord who patiently discloses all his good ways,  
Burns to dust all sickness and sin, like cinders before a wind.  
I have attained joy singing his praise, with woven words  
(poems).

6. He wears a patch of white mud over his dark forehead.  
Lord of celestials, he has large beautiful lake-like eyes.  
With fitting words, woven into a garland of poems, I have  
praised him.  
From now on, and forever, is there anything beyond my  
reach?
7. Unto Himself without a peer or a superior,  
He bears all the worlds; He stopped the rains with a  
mountain,  
I have the fortune of singing his praise with a garland  
Of songs he wears on his crown; what more do we want?
8. Lord of earthlings and celestials, he is sweet  
To the lotus lady Lakshmi and to us alike.  
His feet are borne on a lotus. I have sung his praise  
With poems, now who in the wide world can equal me?
9. In Heaven and the worlds above, on earth and the worlds  
below.  
He stands without fail, His strong hand holds the curved  
conch,  
He is Lord of celestials, pot-dancer; I have sung his praise.  
Now can there ever be one equal to me?
10. He swallowed and brought out, measured and raised the  
universe  
Standing apart and enjoying His beautiful creation,  
He lies, stands, and sits over it in full majesty.  
I have sung his praise through songs which are manna to  
devotees.
11. This decad of the thousand sweet songs,  
By Kerimaran Satakopa of cool-groved Kurugur city,  
Are addressed to the Lord of incessantly raining Vengadam.  
By this, the Lady of unfading lotus will end all despair.

1. Ladies! We have examined well this bright forehead girl,  
And diagnosed her good malaise; Her heart yearns for the  
charioteer Lord.  
Who then commanded the army in fierce battle, and  
secured victory  
For the five (Pandavas). How now can we seek a medicine  
man?

- 
- You have not understood her sickness; this is great divinity,  
Not some mean god for whom you dance incongruously.  
Say clearly and sweetly into her ears "Conch and discus",  
She will immediately recover, just see!
- Look here, ladies! Do not go and do something wild,  
  throwing flesh and toddy;  
Heed not this strange gypsy's words of advice.  
Praise the Lord who wears the Tulasi crown.  
That alone will cure this girl's malaise as well.
- Listening to some wierd hag's words, you throw black food,  
And red food, on the Alter, what use? Recite the names  
Of the Lord who in a trice swallowed and made the seven  
  worlds.  
You will surely get your daughter back.

5. This frenzied dancing is no way to get her back, alas!  
Her large lotus eyes and coral lips do pale in fear.  
Chant the names of the Lord who killed the rutted elephant,  
And smear white mud, her fever will subside.

6. O ladies dancing like possessed, know that this will not avail:  
Her fever will only increase, not subside.  
Apply the dust from the feet of the gem-hued Lord's devotees,  
Other than this, there is no cure for her spirits.

7. To cure her spirites, you sacrifice a goat and pour toddy,  
Strike your hands and shake your shoulders, what use ladies?  
Like watching the donkey's lips twitch while the grains disappear!  
Listen, go seek the Vadic seers and devotees of the Lord, now.

8. You mix and pour toddy with wasteful words and sinful deeds  
And dance to loud music in a frenzy. All this is lowly.  
With the help of Vedic seers, worship the auspicious feet  
Of the Lord of celestials, that will cure this girl's malaise.

9. I cannot stand and witness your heaping hollow praises  
To some lowly god, and wastefully dance to cheap music.  
Praise the feet of Krishna with taste and discrimination,  
That alone is cure for this disease, and tonic for seven lives to come.

10. O ladies, do not shake your shoulders and express your passions.  
This girl will not respond to a god other than Krishna.  
Praise the king of Dwarka, Lord revered by the Vedas,  
This girl will recover and dance in ecstatic worship.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand, on hysteria,  
Was sung by world-famous Kurugur city's Satakopa,  
Freed of sickness, worshipping, dancing, and seeing the gem-  
Lord.  
Those who can dance and sing these lines will overcome  
depression of spirits.

*TVM 4.7 Cilamilla*

1. I stand with hands joined over my head and call incessantly,  
"O Lord who swallowed the Universe, icon of knowledge,  
Narayana"  
And many other names; You do not show yourself nor call  
me unto you.  
Alas, I am a wretched low-born, great indeed are my  
misdeeds!
2. I stand and call out night and day "O benevolent Lord,  
Faultless uncontainable flood of joy, Lord who measured  
the earth,"  
And many such names. Vicious Lord, you do not come,  
Grant that my eyes may see you I
3. I call and call, pouring my heart in tears, my 'Lord' I  
"Lord who took the earth in one leap, Damodara," and  
many such.  
Alas! how many dark indelible acts I must have done;  
You do not even say, "Sinner" when I come to see you.
4. "My Lord of superior golden hue, excellence whom the gods  
Even through penance cannot see, thus and thus I cry here  
Shamelessly, of what use? Alas! I am a lowly self.  
You do not come before my eyes and show your lotus face.
5. My father, bearer of sharp discus, mighty one who churned  
the ocean,  
Will it ever happen that I see you with your four arms?  
All the time with tears, my life drying bit by bit,  
I keep looking. Lord, come right now to this hapless self.

6. Everyday, everywhere, and in all beings you stand,  
In my body, in my soul, and in all things without exception.  
I think and think, look and look, and try to see you in  
my soul.  
Alas, I have a loose tongue but no faculty!
7. Lord of fragrant Tulasi garland, in the depth of my soul  
I saw you as icon of pure knowledge.  
Losing myself in thought and recovering time and again,  
Through birth and death I have held you high, and over-  
come despair.
8. When I see you, I shall pour flowers on your feet to my  
hands' content  
Brought from the eight quarters, then praise and praise.  
And all we devotees will sing and dance in joy.  
O Lord of beautiful Tulasi garland! Will you not come to this  
ocean-girdled earth I
9. I have no benevolence, no riches, no power over my senses,  
Nor steadfast devotion to worship you with flowers  
everyday;  
Only a sinful heart in love. Sinful me, I search,  
Where can I find you, O Lord of discus?
10. Tears welling, feeling low, I roam and look everywhere.  
Alas I do not see my Lord of discus.  
With proper mind's eye I shall see and enjoy  
That great icon of knowledge and light of the Vedas.
11. This decad of the perfect thousand Tamil songs,  
Sung by Satakopa of dense-housed Kurugur city,  
Are addressed with embracing love to lotus-eyed Krishna.  
Those who can sing and dance it with love will ascend  
heaven.

*TVM 4.8 Eralum*

1. The offensive well-armed Lord has it all arranged  
To destroy clannish Asuras by the score.  
The bull-rider (Siva), quarters-faced (Brahma) and  
lotus-dame (Lakshmi) reign in his peerless frame.  
If he does not desire my spotless beauty, we have nothing  
to lose.
2. The gem-hued Lord with mountain shoulders bears the  
fierce discus,  
The peerless lotus dame Lakshmi resides on his chest,  
He has taken me into his service fully.  
If he does not desire my frail heart, we have nothing to lose.
3. The great Lord who sleeps on the hooded bed has mountain  
shoulders.  
He is the child wonder who drank from the breasts  
Of the demoness who came disguised as a fond mother.  
If he does not desire my comeliness, we have nothing to  
lose.
4. The Lord bears pearl necklaces, dyed red robes, milk-pail and  
grazing staff.  
He deftly subdued seven fierce bulls for the joy of embracing  
The breasts of comely Nappinnai with slender bamboo-  
shoulders.  
If he does not desire my pink cheeks, we have nothing to  
lose.
5. The Lord of exceeding perfection bears the fragrant Tulasi  
For the sake of parrot tongued beautiful Sita in confinement.  
He burnt the fierce demon Ravana's ocean-girdled city.  
If he does not desire my mind, we have nothing to lose.

6. That thinking men in the wide world may know, he  
expounded  
The paths of truth. The great figure of knowledge appeared  
As a clever dwarf and took the earth in great strides.  
If he does not desire my youth, we have nothing to lose.
7. He burst forth as a fierce lion-form exuding immense  
radiance,  
And tore apart the radiant Hiranya's wide chest with great  
relish  
He bears the resplendent discus and conch.  
If he does not desire my jewelled bangles, we have  
nothing to lose.
8. The Lord of great fame then did blow with his curved conch  
A great booming sound which consigned the rebellious  
(Kauravas)  
To the flames and ended the world's misery; and the three  
gods praised.  
If he does not desire my jewelled belt, we have nothing to  
lose.
9. He cut asunder the shoulders of mighty Bana, good father of  
Slender-waisted jewel-belted nymph(Usha). He lies sleeping  
On a serpent engaged in Yoga, ensuring all the world's good  
If he does not desire my body, we have nothing to lose.
10. He cut to pieces with joy many huge-bodied Asura clans,  
And laid them like lifeless rocks. The matted hair Siva  
With torrential Ganga reigns in solitude on his right side.  
If he does not desire my life, we have nothing to lose.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs on the Lord of the  
Universe,  
By Satakopa, saint of Kuruqur city,  
Are addressed to the Lord who ate curds and butter.  
Those who sing it will cut asunder birth and attain heaven.

*TVM 4.9 Nannadar*

1. Strangers laugh and good relatives weep  
Over countless miseries the world heaps; what ways are these?  
  
Lord with beautiful eyes who churned the ocean!  
Tell me quick the path to your feet, or give me death,
2. Kith and kin heap destruction and death,  
Cheat each other, fall and weep. What ways are these?  
O Lord on serpent couch, I see no way for myself.  
Heed my prayer, find a way and call me unto you, quick.
3. Gaity, friendship, kith and kin and bountiful wealth,  
Flower-tressed women, house and all, depart at death.  
Ocean hued Lord, I cannot bear this world, what ways are these?  
  
Do not treat me as in the past; pray call me to your service quick.
4. Great wealth kindles a raging fire of desire,  
Then wraps a cover of darkness.  
Benevolent gem-hued Lord, what ways are these?  
Wean me by your grace, and grant me your feet.
5. In the world that blossomed from the deluge waters,  
All beings suffer the pain of birth, death, disease and  
  
And after that, hell. What ways are these?  
Gem hued Lord, pray do not forsake me, take me there!

6. They forsake, chain, beat, kill and eat.  
Who ever realizes the truth? What ways are these!  
Lord of Tulasi crown, my ambrosia; Sinner that I am,  
You changed me and took my service; now call me to your feet.
7. When you are yourself the sentient and the insentient  
In all this world, existing for no other reason,  
Beyond disease, age, birth, death, and misery,  
Pray do not show me the wicked world. Call me, you must.
8. You show yourself and vanish,  
You make the world, and with it, earth, water, fire, air and sky.  
  
May I cross the great sphere, abode of the gods,  
And reach your radiant high feet, O when will that be!
9. Lord on serpent couch, you make even the gods roam without redemption,  
  
I too know this. Shearing me of desires,  
You have made me bear your feet and roam.  
I now see my inseparability to your unattainable lotus feet!
10. The pleasures of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, testing,  
And the limited joy of heaven unattainable through the senses,  
  
I have seen; only you and the fair bangled Lakshmi are permanent.  
What skill, my Lord! I have attained your lotus feet.
11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs,  
By prosperous Kurugur city's Satakopa,  
Is addressed to the feet of effulgent Narayana, Kesava.  
Recited with humility, it will secure the Lord's feet.



*TVM 4.10 Onrum Tevum*

1. Then, when none of the gods, worlds, beings, and aught  
else existed,  
He made Brahma, with him the gods, worlds and all  
the beings.  
In fair Kurugur where jewelled houses rise like mountains,  
He stands as Adipiran. Then what other God do you seek?
2. O men of the world! Then he created you and the gods  
you worship.  
With unending goodness and fame, He resides willingly  
in Kurugur  
Temple surrounded by balconied palaces.  
Sing and dance and praise Him, roaming everywhere.
3. All the gods and all the worlds He made, in a trice He  
swallowed,  
Then hid, then issued, then reversed, then shifted all;\*  
now speak.  
O men of the world! Knowing this, you still do not  
understand.  
Other than His form in Kurugur, worshipped by gods,  
there is no God
4. He is the monarch of Siva, Brahma and the other gods  
you speak of.  
See this for yourself in Kapala Moksha\*\* How does it  
help the Linga-worshippers  
To speak ill of the Lord who resides  
In radiant Kurugur city surrounded by high walls?
5. Look, all ye who quote the Linga-purana, Jainas and  
Bouddhas I  
Instead of arguing endlessly, praise the Lord who stands  
in Kurugur  
Where tall ears of corn blow gently in the wind like whisks;  
He is you and all your gods, this no lie.

\* The story of creation, and of Vamana, Kurma Avatars.

\*\* The story of Brahma's one head being clipped by Siva, then being redeemed by Vishnu.

6. You who desolately worship lowly gods have been relegated  
to this,  
Because if all attain liberation, there will be no world.  
This is the sport of the clever Lord of Kurugur city where  
Golden paddy and lotus flowers abound. Try to figure  
this out and run.
7. Running tirelessly, taking numerous births, worshipping  
lesser gods,  
You have tried so many paths to truth. Now become  
servants  
Of Adimurti, Lord of Kurugur whom celestials stand in  
hordes and worship.  
The beautiful Garuda dances on his banner.
8. Then it was Narayana's grace which protected Markandeya  
When he took refuge in the naked-god (Siva).  
When the great Adipiran stands in Kurugur city  
Surrounded by stork-white Pandanus hedges, what  
other do you praise?
9. The six expounded doctrines \* and those like them\*\*  
cannot fathom him. Thus he sits, as Adipiran,  
In Kurugur surrounded by beautiful fields,  
If you seek liberation, bear him in your heart.
10. He contains within his faultless frame all gods, worlds  
and all else.  
He resides in fertile Kurugur where paddy and sugarcane  
grow tall.  
He came as a dwarf, he danced with an array of pots.  
Service to him alone is fit and proper.
11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs,  
Sung with love by Kurugur city's Maran Satakopa,  
Are addressed to Adipiran, Lord of discus and Makula  
flower garlands.  
Those who recite this have access to the other Vaikuntha,  
city of no return.

\* Sankhya, Yoga, Vaisheshika, Buddha, Jaina, Pasupaty.

1 \*\* Mimamsa, Nastika.

*TVM 5.1 Kaiyar Cakkaram*

1. Uttering "Holder of bright discus," "My gem-hued Lord"  
And many such shallow praises, I have roamed and denced,  
And attained the truth. Who can oppose what fortune  
favourites?  
My Lord, Krishna, if you leave me now, can I bear it?

2. I only said "Lord who entered the Marudu trees,"  
"My uncut gem, my sweet ambrosia, sweet as honey"  
and a few such lies. Lo, My Lord himself has become me.  
The sky and earth and all else are within me!

3. I uttered in lip-service, while inside was something else.  
A few lies like "Benevolent Lord, gem-hued Lord" and such  
others.  
Shedding my deceiving nature, I have seen you, and found  
liberation.  
Lord reclining in the ocean! Now what other refuge do I  
have?

4. Though I say words like "What other refuge do I have,"  
Rogue that I am, I have not the power to wean my soul  
from the world!  
Strengthen my heart, dry my tears, and move closer to you,  
My Krishna, rid me of my dross and call me unto you.

5. Krishna, Lord of celestials, dark-gem, ambrosial delight!  
I have reached you, yet not attained you. Between us you  
have placed a body,  
Tied me securely with strong cords of Karma, covered the  
wound neatly.  
And cast me out into this deceptive wide world.

6. Dark hued Lord! You have embraced me all over!  
My strong Karmas of repeated miserable births have ceased.  
I have seen to my satisfaction your four radiant shoulders,  
Your red lips and lotus eyes, and the discus of cause-effect  
in your hands.

7. The Lord of discus, Overlord, where does he belong, who  
am I?  
Simply calling "Saviour of the elephant" with hands over  
head.  
I have become his true lover; he too has become mine.  
However strong the sin, when his grace comes, it shall  
come, just see!

8. The Lord worshipped by celestials and monarchs  
Has come this day and occupied my lowly heart.  
Henceforth, my mother, my father, my children,  
My wealth, my fish-eyed women are all He.

9. Like a ship caught in stormy ocean calling out in distress,  
I stood shivering in the ocean of birth and called.  
With exceeding grace and divinity, conch and discus in  
hand  
He heard me and came to me, and became one with me.

10. Seeing that he had a faithful servant in me, he came elated.  
Of his own sweet grace, he became one with me.  
The dark Lord who was fish and tortoise and man-lion,  
Dwarf and wild boar, shall come again as Kalki, just see!

11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs,  
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by bullock-ploughed  
fields,  
Are addressed to the dark hued Lord of lotus-red eyes.  
Those who sing it shall rise and attain his lotus feet.

## TVM 5.2 Poliga

1. Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! Gone is the curse of existence.  
Painful hell hath relented, Yama has no work here anymore.  
Even Kali shall end, just see! The ocean-hued Lord's spirits  
Have descended on earth in hordes. We have seen them  
singing and dancing everywhere.
2. We have seen visions sweet to the eyes, we have seen, we  
have seen!  
Come devotees all, worship, praise and shout in joy.  
The spirits of Tulasi crowned Madhava are roaming the earth,  
They are seen standing singing Pann-s and dancing every-  
where.
3. The rolling age of Kali is ending, the gods have also entered.  
The golden age of Krita begins, and boundless joy floods  
the land.  
The spirits of my dark ocean-hued Lord have come singing  
songs.  
They have densely packed the earth and occupied every nook
4. All the heretic schools are being cleared like weeds;  
The spirits of our mighty ocean-reclining Lord  
Are singing many many songs; Lying, sitting, standing.  
Walking, flying, dancing, they are performing plays.
5. The Lord's spirits have miraculously entered the earth.  
They stand everywhere, their acts alone occupy my vision.  
Have no doubt, devotees, if there are Asuras and Rakshasas  
born among you,  
There is no escape; their days will end in death.

6. The discus-Lord's devotees have come to stay,  
To rid the world of soul-consuming disease, war, hunger and  
all evils.  
They have spread everywhere, singing in mirth and dancing  
in ecstasy.  
Cease thought, devotees, go worship them and be saved.
7. Know that your fond gods can save you only through His  
grace;  
Markandeya is proof.  
Have no doubt, there is no god other than Krishna.  
All that exist are His forms, so worship Him alone.
8. He is the Lord of gods, himself becoming the gods in all the  
worlds.  
It is He who accepts the offering you make to your gods.  
The spirits of the mole-chested Lord have filled the earth  
Singing songs; so shed hatred, love, worship and liberate  
yourselves.
9. The world has become filled with devotees and holy men.  
Who lovingly worship Acyuta, unfailing in the path of know-  
ledge,  
With full flowers, incense, lamp, sandal, water, and Vedic  
mantras,  
You too join in loving worship, and liberate yourselves.
10. In all the great worlds, all the dense hordes of gods,  
and even Siva, Brahma, Indra and others stand and worship  
Krishna.  
Devotees, if you can join them in loving worship,  
There shall be nothing of the age of Kali.
11. This decad of the famous thousand songs,  
Sung by Karimaran Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by happy  
fields,  
Are addressed to the wonder-Lord, radiant Krishna destroyer  
of Kali.  
This will cleanse devotees hearts.

## TVM 5.3 Masaru codi

1. I sought my ever-radiant faultless First-Lord, My red-lipped spotless mountain-gem.  
How long ago I became impassioned and slipped into madness! what harm can the world's slanderous gossip do, Sakhi?
2. My red lotus-eyed Lord has possessed me.  
I have lost the red in my cheeks, my frame has waned;  
My red lips and black eyes have lost their charm.  
Now what can the world's gossip do to us, Sakhi?
3. The red-lipped Lord who sucked the life out of Putana's breasts  
And stopped the speeding chariot with his foot has possessed me.  
Night and day I prate of nothing save Him.  
What can the world's gossip do to us, Sakhi?
4. The dark-cloud Lord planted seeds of love in my heart.  
The world's gossip made good manure; my mother's words  
Poured water over the fields. Now my passion swells like the sea.  
Tell me sakhi, is our Krishna mean?
5. May be the Lord is selfish, wicked and far away.  
May be he is a world grabber, and hard to understand.  
Pity! My wicked heart still longs for him alone, what can mother do?  
O Sakhi, you have a slender waist, but a frail heart!

6. Whatever mother may do, whatever the world may say,  
Sakhis, henceforth you have no love from me.  
For, I am caught in the drag-net of my gem-hued Lord,  
King of Dwarsaka, Vasudeva, the ancient Lord of celestials.
7. The Lord who caught me in his dragnet, called my good heart unto Him,  
Reclines in the deep ocean with discus in hand.  
O Sakhi with broad jewelled hips, will we ever see him with these eyes,  
And worship him in the presence of these fair ladies?
8. The Lord drank the demoness's breasts, stopped the chariot,  
Entered the Marudu trees, ripped the bird's beak, and killed the rutted elephant.  
He has a clear smile and coral lips.  
O when will we reach him and put these ladies to shame?
9. The Lord who stole my shame and called my heart unto him  
Resides over celestials in high heaven.  
By Him, I swear, let the world heap slander,  
Acting unbridled, I now ascend the Palmyra stalk (Madal).
10. After we have ridden the Palmyra stalk through every street,  
Without feminine grace, making the women  
Speak unspeakable slander, while the world raves,  
We shall wear the soothing Tulasi flowers from the discus Lord.
11. This deced of the replete Andadi of thousand songs,  
By Satakopa of fragrant bowered Kurugur,  
Are addressed to Krishna dark as the roaring seas,  
Those who sing it will find vaikuntha wherever they live,

## TVM 5.4 Urellam

1. The populace sleeps, the world is pitch-darkness.  
The waters have become calm, night stretches into eternity.  
The Lord who swallowed the earth sleeps on a serpent couch.

He comes not, alas ! Who can save my sinful soul now?

2. A ghastly pall engulfs the sea, earth and sky.  
Stretching into one sinister night  
My golden hued Krishna does not come, alas !  
O sinful heart, you too are not with me. Who can save me  
any more ?

3. See, you are not with me. O heart !  
The long night stretches into an aeon.  
My Kakutstha wielding the scorching bow does not come.  
Sinner, born as a female, I know not how to end my life.

4. The radiant sun too has hid himself,  
Unable to bear the sight of a maiden in distress.  
My black bull Lord with large eyes and red lips  
Does not come. Who can cure my love-sickness?

5. Who inquires of me? My mother and my Sekhis  
Sleep through the night never asking what happened.  
My dark-hued Krishna too does not come...  
Wicked me, my name will tell tales and not let me die!

6. An incurable love-sickness torments my soul.  
An aeon of darkness hangs over my sunken eyes.  
My discus Lord eternal too does not come.  
Who on earth can save this soul?

7. The sky is filled with dense powdered pitch.  
The long night stretches like an aeon.  
The Lord of spotless conch and discus does not appear.  
Ye gods ! What shall I do ? My acts are wicked as fire.

8. A single night stretches into seven aeons, ye gods!  
Hanging over my person and thinning my soul.  
Alas ! My Krishna with discus does not come.  
The cool spring-breeze scorches like fire; what shall I do?

9. Darkness packed with fine pitch scorches like fire.  
The beautiful tall chariot of the Sun does not appear, alas.  
The wealthy Lord of lotus eyes too does not come, alas.  
Who can cure my heart's malady? Alas, I stand and melt.

10. Like me, the wide sky too melts  
Passing into fine droplets into the night.  
The world sleeps tight, alas, not once saying  
The Lord who measured the earth then shall not come.

11. This decad of the colourful radiant Andadi of thousand songs  
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by excellent groves,  
Are addressed to the Lord who did yoga like one sleeping.  
Reciting this will secure heaven after death.

*TVM 5.5 Ennaneyo*

1. After seeing the beautiful Lord at Tirukkurungudi,  
My heart yearns for his conch and his discus, his lotus eyes,  
And his peerless coral lips. How now, ladies, that you  
blame me?
2. Look through my heart's eyes; do not blame me.  
After seeing the Lord in palm-groved Tirukkurungudi,  
His sacred thread, his ear ornaments, his mole chest  
His beautiful jewels and his four arms stand before me  
everywhere.
3. Mother, you blame me saying, "she stands, she falters, she  
swoons",  
Eversince, I saw the Lord in tall-mansioned Tirukkurungudi.  
His victorious bow, mace, dagger, discus and conch  
Appear before me everywhere, never leaving my eyes and  
heart,
4. Mother, you blame me for tears that swell endlessly in my  
eyes.  
After I saw the Lord at nectar-groved Tirukkurungudi,  
His beautiful garland of Tulasi flowers, his golden crown,  
His face, his silken threads and belt haunt my wretched self.
5. Mother, you blame me saying "she stands and stares, she  
swoons".  
After I saw the Lord of great fame in Tirukkurungudi,  
His glowing coral lips, his long eyebrows, his perfect lotus  
eyes  
Have possessed my wretched soul |

6. After seeing the Lord of cool-grove Tirukkurungudi,  
His beautiful slender nose, his lotus eyes, his coral lips,  
His blue frame, and his four shoulders, have filled my heart  
My mother lets none see me saying "she will bring further  
blame on our fair name."
7. After seeing the Lord of exceeding fame in Tirukkurungudi,  
His beautiful golden form of exceeding radiance has filled  
my heart.  
He stands everywhere wielding a discus in his beautiful  
hand,  
My mother says "she is a great scourge on our fair house-  
hold".
8. Ladies, you blame me saying "she buries her face in her  
hands, she swoons".  
After seeing the Lord in Tirukkurungudi surrounded by tall  
houses,  
His red lotus eyes, his hips, his slender waist, his face,  
His long dark tresses, and his low shoulders stand before my  
sinful self.
9. Mothers, and Sakhis, you blame me saying, "You are a  
disgrace".  
After I saw the Lord in Tirukkurungudi of strongly built  
houses,  
His tall crown and his countless jewels leave not my heart,  
Sweet like milk and sugar.
10. My mother lets no one see me, saying "she is growing  
amorous day by day".  
After seeing the Lord of abiding fame in Tirukkurungudi,  
A radiant form flooding effulgence appears in my heart,  
Worshipped by hordes of celestials, hard for anyone's under-  
standing.
11. This decad of the thousand well-known songs, are  
By fair Kurugur's Satakopa on the Lord at Tirukkurungudi,  
The incomprehensible discus-bearer, sung with flowers.  
Those who sing it with understanding will unite with Vishnu  
while on earth.

*TVM 5.6. Kadalnalam*

1. My daughter roams the earth reciting : "I made this earth.  
I am the earth and the ocean. It was I who took the earth.  
It was I who lifted the earth; it was I who swallowed the  
earth".  
Has the Lord possessed her ? O people, how can I make you  
understand?
2. My daughter recites, "I cannot be understood.  
I am that understanding. I generate understanding."  
Has the understanding Lord descended on her?  
O understanding people, what can I say?
3. The things my possessed daughter says I "All the earth is me I  
All the sky is me ; all the fire is me.  
All the air is me; All the ocean is me."  
Has the all-seeing Lord entered her ? O witnesses of the  
world, what shall I say ?
4. The things my red-lipped daughter does I "All that is done is  
me;  
All that remains undone is me; all that has been done is also  
me.  
I enjoy the fruit of all action; motivation too is me".  
Has the lotus eyed Lord gotten her ? Fair people of the  
world, what can I say?
5. "Unfailingly I rule over the earth," my daughter says, then  
"Unfailingly I lifted the mountain, killed the Asuras,  
Then showing my might, protected the five. The ocean too  
was churned by me".  
Has the ocean-hued Lord taken her ? O severe people of the  
world; what can I say?

6. My Vel eyed daughter prates "I am the chief of the cowherd  
clan.  
It was I who grazed the calves. It was I who lifted the  
mountain,  
It was I who protected the cattle. It was I who killed the  
seven bulls."  
Has the Lord of celestials possessed her? O severe people,  
what can I say?
7. The things my fond daughter prates: "I have no friends"  
she says,  
Then "All here are my friends" and "It is I who makes bonds,  
It is I who breaks bonds. The bond between friends too is  
me".  
Has the peerless Lord possessed her ? O friendly people of  
the world, what can I say ?
8. The things my tender sapling says I "Speak ye of the three  
eyed Lord ?  
He is me; Four-headed Lord is me. Celestials too are me.  
The Lord of celestials is me. The sages too are but me".  
Has the cloud-hued Lord taken her ? O talkative people of  
the world, what can I say?
9. My wicked tender daughter prates, "I have no wickedness of  
any kind,"  
Then, "I am the wickedness of deeds, I am the redeemer of  
wickedness.  
I am the doer of wicked deeds. I am the destroyer of  
wicked Lanka".  
Has the Garuda-riding Lord gotten her ? O wicked people of  
the world, what can I say?
10. My beautiful coiffured daughter raves; "Beautiful heaven is  
me.  
The ugly hell too is me. The effulgent liberation is me.  
The beautiful souls are all me. The beautiful first-cause too  
is me".  
Has the cloud-hued Lord taken her. O beautiful people of  
the world, what can I say?
11. This decad of the garland of thousand choicest Tamil songs  
By fertile Valudi (Pandya) kingdom Kurugur's Satakopa,  
Are addressed to the Lord who is consort of Sri, Bhu, and  
Nila.  
Those who can sing it will serve the Lord's devotees with  
great wealth.



*TVM 5.7 Norranonbilen*

1. I have not done penances, I have no subtle intelligence,  
Yet no more can I bear to be separated from you even  
for a moment.  
Lord who resides in fertile Srivaramangalanagar,  
Where red lotus and paddy abound, I am not one too  
many for you there I
2. Lord who destroyed Lanka, I am neither here nor there.  
Fallen in the desire to see you, I stand nowhere.  
Lord of discus and conch residing in Srivaramangalanger  
Where the moon caresses tall mansions, grace this  
forlorn self.
3. O dark-hued Lord of Vaikuntha with discus and garuda  
banner,  
You made a person of this insignificant self, and took  
me into your service.  
O Lord of Srivaramangalanagar, where many learned  
Vedic seers live,  
You have graced me from there, I know not how to repay  
you I
4. Then you did battle with the five (Pandavas) against the  
(Kauravas),  
And reduced the foes to ashes. Lord who lifted the earth,  
You have come to reside in Srivaramangalanagar amid learned  
■■■■  
Who perform Vedic sacrifices incessantly. I only call to  
join you there.
5. O dark-hued Lord who enters into every bit and parcel,  
And performs many magical acts, is it possible for me  
to call you?  
O Lord of Srivaramangalanagar where godly men perform  
Vedic sacrifices,  
You are accessible to worship, I too have seen this.

6. O dark effulgent Vaikuntha Lord who came as a boar  
and lifted the earth,  
My father, my Krishna, ever my Master Great heavenly hill,\*  
Whom the folk of Srivaramangalanagar worship amid  
sweet mango groves,  
Pray come, that I too may worship you I
7. O Lord of celestials, through grace, you have entered my  
heart.  
O Lord of eternal glory, first cause of the Universe,  
Father, Mother, swallower of the seven worlds, resident of  
Srivaramangalanagar,  
Where godly men perform Vedic sacrifice endlessly, pray  
do not forsake me.
8. Those wicked magical senses that you gave will forsake me.  
I know them well,  
Even you do forsake and dump me into quagmire, just see!  
O resident of Srivaramangalanagar where tall mansions  
shine,  
Lord who ripped the bird's beak, you are hard to reach.
9. Lord who ripped the bird's beak, entered the Marudu trees,  
Killed the seven bulls ! Gem-hue radiance, my wicked  
wonder-Lord !  
Clear minds versed in the Vedas live in cool Srivaramangala-  
nagar.  
My Lord living in their midst, pray show me the path to  
liberation.
10. Lord of celestials, wearing cool fragrant Tulasi crown,  
Resident of cool Srivaramangalanagar where sugarcane and  
paddy grow tall,  
You have given me your feet, as my sole refuge and path.  
I have nothing to give in return, my soul too is yours.
11. This decad of the thousand on the Lord of Srivaramangala-  
nagar,  
By Satakopa of Kurugur surrounded by groves of happy  
flowers,  
Are addressed to the feet of Daivanayaka, Narayana,  
Trivikrama.  
Those who can sing it will forever be sweet as ambrosia to  
celestials.

\* Vanamamalai

*TVM 5.8 Aravamude*

1. Insatiable ambrosia ! First Lord ! My body melts in love for  
you.

You make me flow like restless water.  
I see your resplendent form in Tirukkudandai,  
Reclining amid fertile waters, fanned by whisks of golden  
paddy.

2. My Lord, my Ruler, my pure icon, my beautiful black bull !  
You take any beautiful form at will.  
Reclining amid Tirukkudandai waters filled with large lotuses,  
Your dreamy eyes liken those flowers ! O what can I do?

3. What can I do ? What would you have me do? Who else can  
protect me ?

O Lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by stone walls,  
I seek redress with none save you. Pray see that I lead  
The remaining days of my life holding on to your feet.

4. O Lord of glory exceeding the grasp of ever learning seers !  
Infinite Lord, your fame contains all the worlds.  
Lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men of exceeding  
goodness,  
Desirous of seeing you, I look at the sky disturbed, then  
weep and pray.

5. I weep, I pray, I dance, I sing and praise.  
I look away and hang my head in shame for my clinging mis-  
deeds.

O red lotus eyed Lord reclining in fertile Kudandai fields,  
Pray show this repentent self the way to your lotus feet.

6. O Lord of celestials reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men  
of everlasting glory,  
O music of the Yal (harp), ambrosial delight, fruit of  
knowledge,  
O king of lions, rid me of my Karmas, and find a way, you  
must.  
I long to reach you, How long must I remain here filling a  
bottomless pit ?

7. O King of lions, golden radiance, red-eyed dark cloud Lord !  
Dazzling coral mountain, my Lord of four shoulders, Lord in  
Kudandai,  
Through your grace, you made me your bonded serf.  
Now give me your protection and rid me of my birth, no  
more I can bear.

8. O great wonder-Lord reclining in Kudandai armed with sharp  
discus !  
Whether you end my despair or not, you are my sole refuge.  
When the body languishes and my life comes to an end,  
Grant that I may hold on to your feet without fatigue.

9. Lord sweetly binding me to your feet, King of motionless  
celestials,  
Lord reclining in Kudandai amid sparkling gems, great  
first-cause !  
Lord praised by all the worlds,  
Pray come, that I may see you.

10. O formless Lord that takes wonderful forms at will !  
Insatiable ambrosia, delight of my heart, resident of Kudandai!  
You protect me, ending all my endless Karmas.  
After becoming your servant, must I still suffer?

11. This decad of the thousand songs, sweeter than flute's  
melody, are  
Sung by Kurugur Satakopa who found refuge at the feet of  
Krishna,  
Who drank the demoness's breasts and dried her life to the  
bones.  
Those who sing it flawlessly will be adored by fawn-eyed  
dames.

TMV 5.9 Maneinokku

1. O fawn-eyed friends, This wretched self wanes day by day  
The Lord resides in Tiruvallaval, where Areca trees touch  
the sky,  
In nectared fragrance-wafting Jasmine gardens and honey-  
dripping fruit orchards.  
Alas ! when will this devotee self reach his feet ?
2. O Sakhis, why do you disappoint me thus ?  
The Lord stands in Tiruvallaval where soft winds waft the  
fragrance  
Of golden fresh Punnai, Magil and Madavi flowers.  
Alas! When will we take the dust of his feet on our heads ?
3. O flower-coiffured friends ! Woe is me, I thin.  
The Lord resides in cool Tiruvallaval amid fragrant smoke  
Risen from the Vedic altar, where Saman chants rise like the  
roaring sea,  
Alas ! When will we see his feet without interruption ?
4. O Sakhis ! Why do you hurt me thus endlessly ?  
The Lord reclines in Tiruvallaval on hooded snake amid tall  
mansions  
Nesting in the bowers of betel and areca, jackfruit, coconut  
and plantain.  
His well-being alone is our good.
5. O good-natured Sakhis ! The smoke from the good Brahmins,  
Vedic sacrifices  
Clouds the sky in cool Tiruvallaval. That sweet ambrosia,  
That fruit, that sugar candy has stolen my well-being.  
Alas ! When will my eyes see that radiant from ?

6. O berry-lipped Sakhis ! The Lord who came as a beautiful  
dwarf  
Resides in fertile Tiruvallaval where trees grow tall and dense  
In groves where fresh breeze blows and bees make music  
like harp-strings.  
Alas ! When will this unfortunate self see his blossomed  
lotus-feet ?
7. Good doll-Sakhis ! The Lord, our Master who swallowed the  
universe,  
Resides in Tiruvallaval, where lotus and water-lily grow tall  
in large water tanks,  
And reach the radiant faces and eyes of the womenfolk.  
Alas ! When will we worship his feet with flowers everyday ?
8. O radiant forehead Sakhis ! The Lord who strode the earth  
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid marshy fields abounding in flowers  
Where sugarcanes sway sweetly and golden paddy ripens  
filling the quarters.  
Alas, when will we worship his feet everyday without end ?
9. The Lord of abiding grace and spinning discus  
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid cool groves,  
Where young bumblebees drink nectar and hum like flute and  
Yal.  
When will we worship his form and restore our slipped  
bangles ?
10. Sakhis ! The earth and heaven know the abiding grace  
Of Narayana residing in the good city of Tiruvallaval,  
Our Lord praised high by many thousand devotees.  
Will it be our fortune to chant his names with love ?
11. This decad of the thousand songs, on peaceful Tiruvallaval  
Sung by Kurugur Satekopa with knowledge and understanding,  
Are addressed to the Lord of thousand names,  
Those who sing it will excel in this world.

TMV 5.10 Pirandavarun

1. The wonders of your birth, your boyhood, and your exploits  
In the great Bharata war, showing your strength to the five  
(Pandavas)

These haunt my heart again and again and consume my soul.  
O effulgent Lord, most high, when will I join you ?

2. Your killing the bulls for Nappinnai's hand, ripping the jaws  
Of monstrous horse, your Rasa-krida with sv aet coiffured  
Gopis,  
Are hard to describe as thus or thus. Your many acts  
thin me.  
O first cause of the Universe, when will I join you ?

3. Your radiance, as a child sucking Putana's poisoned breasts,  
Your valour, as a boy, destroying the chariot with lotus-foot,  
Then your standing in fear, tears welling, when your mother  
Hearing you stole butter, took the stick,—these melt my heart

4. Entering stealthily into the cities of Asuras disguised,  
Striking terror in their hearts, destroying them by the score,  
Then the mat-haired Siva entering into your person  
indistinguishably,  
These enter my heart, melt and drink soul.

5. Your wonderful acts, of eating food-offerings kept for Indra  
Then holding aloft the mountain to stop the angry rains,  
Your creating the world, then swallowing, bringing out,  
Measuring and marrying dame Earth, melt my heart like wax  
in a fire.

6. Countless are your visible and invisible wonderful deeds I,  
In standing, in sitting, and in reclining.  
I think and think, yet cannot ever comprehend you.  
O radiant Lord who swallowed the earth, show this sinner  
a way.

7. I faint at the thought of the things you do to me.  
Standing as radiance amidst darkness, truth amidst non-being,  
You come and fill my eyes. My gem-hued Lord, grace your  
presence  
Just one day, that my eyes may take in your form deeply.

8. Whenever I hear about your beautiful reclining form,  
The red lotus navel and Brahma on it, your entering his  
wombs  
In your great acts of creation, and your peerless domain  
over all,  
My heart melts and tears flood my eyes, what shall I do ?

9. Whenever I hear of how you begged for three feet of land,  
Then stood up and took the earth and sky and ocean in two  
strides,  
And how you achieved your ends, my heart melts for you  
alone.  
O this wicked Karmic self, when will I ever join you ?

10. The way you joined in the churning of the ocean, for Amruta,  
The tricks you played to help the Devas, leaving out the  
Asuras,  
These enter my heart and melt my soul.  
O Lord on poisonous snake-couch, tell me how may I  
seek you.

- 11r This deced of the Andadi of thousand songs, are  
By Kurugur Satakopa, worshipping everyday with single mind  
The feet of the serpent couch Lord as sole refuge.  
Those who can sing it will enjoy high Vaikuntha forever.

1.

ஒரு நா  
ஸஸரிக  
கருநாய்  
கம நித  
பெரு நா  
ஸ ஸ ஸா  
திருநா  
ஸ் ஸ ஸரி

பகமா  
மகஸா  
கவர்ந்த  
தமாம  
கோண  
ஸ மகஸ  
ரணந்தாள்  
ஸ்ஸந்தரி

யோட  
தரிதப  
காலர்  
கரிகா  
இம்மையி  
ஸநிதப  
காலம்  
தபதா

உலகுட  
தரிஸஸ  
சிகைகிய  
கபகரி  
லே பிச்  
தா-த  
பெற  
—த ரிஸ்

ஊண்ட  
ரிஸரிக  
பாளை  
ஸநிதரி  
சைதாங்  
ரிஸ்தப  
சிந்தித்  
நிதமக

வர்  
மா....  
யர்  
ஸா....  
கொள்வர்  
தரிஸ்ர  
துய்மினே  
நிகஸா

2.

உய்ம்மின்  
தம்மின்  
வெய்மி  
செய்மின்

திறைகொணர்ந்  
சுவைமட  
கொளியெயில்  
முடித்திரு

தென்றுல  
வாரைப்  
கானகம்  
மாகு

காண்டவர்  
பிறர்கொள்வத்  
போய்க்கு  
விரைந்தடி

இம்மை  
தாம்பித்  
மைதின்  
சேர்மி

யே  
டு  
பர்கள்  
யே

80

1.

பால  
கா, ப  
ஆவி  
கா, ப  
தாளி  
கா, ப  
மாலு  
தகாரி

ஹ்யே  
ரிஸஸ  
லேயன்  
தாதரி  
ணேமே  
தா ஸா  
மால்வல்  
ஸாஸ்ஸ்

முலகுண்  
கரிஸத  
னவ  
ஸா தஸ்  
லணி  
ஸ்ரிக்ப்  
வினை  
ரிஸ்தப

புபரி  
ஸாகரி  
சம்செய்  
தபகப  
தண்ணந்து  
கரிஸ்ஸ  
யேன்  
தா...

வின்  
கா...  
யு  
தஸ்தப  
மூ  
ஸ்தரிஸ்  
மட  
கபதஸ்

றி  
கா...  
மண்ணலார்  
கபகரி  
யென்றே  
தபதா  
வல்லியே  
தபகரி

9.

நங்  
எங்ங  
சங்கென்  
இங்ங

கைமீர்நீ  
னேசொல்  
ஹம்சக்  
னேசொல்

ருமார்  
லுகேன்  
கரமென்  
லுமி

பெண்பெற்று  
யான்  
ஹத்து  
ரா ப்ப

நல்கி  
பெற்ற  
மூ  
கலென்

ளிர்  
வேழைய  
யென்னும்  
செய்கேன்

#### 4.3 கோவை வாயாள்

சாகம்: பீரஞ்சனி

1.

கோவை வாயாள்  
தஸ்நித மகரிஸ  
கோவை வியச்  
தரிஸ்ர ரிக்மா  
பூவை வீயா  
நிஸ்ர ரீரி  
பூவை வீயாம்  
தஸ்நித தாதா

பொருட்டேற்  
மகரிச சிலைஞ  
மக்காரி  
நீர்தூ  
க்ரிக்கி  
மேனிக்  
கமநித

றின் எருந்த  
மா... கமாத  
னித்தாய் குலால்  
ஸ்நிஸா தரிசிஸ்  
விப் போதால்  
க்... கம்க்கி  
குப் பூசம்  
நீ... கமநித

மிறுத்தாய்  
மதாநி யானை  
நிதமா கமாத  
வணங்கே  
ஸாஸா  
சாந்தென்  
மத நீ

மதிளில்ங்  
தநிக்ரி  
மறுப்பொ  
கமாத  
னே  
நிஸ்ரிக்  
நெஞ்ச  
தநிக்ரி  
ஸா...

2.

பூசம் சாந்தென்  
வாச கம்செய்  
தேச மான  
நசன் ஞால

நெஞ்ச  
மாலை  
அணிகல  
முண்டு

மே புனையும்  
யே வான்பட்  
னும என்னை  
மிறுந்த என்னை

யெனதுடை  
யும்து:  
தே செய்கை  
யே மூர்த்திக்  
கே.

82

சாகம்: ஆழறிரி

1.

.....மண்  
—த நஸா  
னும/விண் ணைத்தொழு  
—பா நிஸ்ஸா  
—கண் ணை யுண்ணீர்  
—, ஸ ரிம ரிம  
— பெண் ணைப் பெரு  
— த நிஸ்ஸா

து து  
ஸாஸ்  
தவன்  
நிநித  
மல்க  
ப பா  
மை யல்செய்  
நிநிதி

ழா வி.  
ரிக்ரி  
மேவ  
பதநித  
நின்று  
பதநித  
தாற்கு  
பதநித

மண்ன்  
ஸாரிஸ்  
குந்தமென்  
பதபம  
வண்ணென்  
நீ தநி  
செய்கேன்  
பதபம

மண்ணிது வென்  
நிநித பதநித  
றுகை காட்டும்  
நாம கரிர்  
னுமன் ணையென்  
ஸ்ரீ நிஸ்ஸான்  
பெய்வனே யீரே  
கா ம கரிர்

2.

... பெய்  
னும/செய் யதோர்  
... நை யும்கண்ணீர்  
... தெய் வவுரு

கனாக்  
ஞாயிற்றை  
மல்க  
வீற்சிறு

கூப்பிப்  
காட்டிச்  
நின்று  
மான்

கிடக்குங்  
முர்த்தி  
ணனென்  
கின்றதொன்

என்  
னும  
ணையென்  
யேனே

#### 4.4 மண்ணைமிகுந்து

தாளம்: மிக்ர சாபு

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#### 4.5 வீற்றிருந்து

1

- வீற்றிருந்  
• ஸஸஸ  
• ஆற்றன்மிக்  
• பஸஸ  
• போற்றியென்  
• ஸமகம  
• ஏற்றனோற்  
• ஸஸ்ஸ  
• கையகண்  
• செய்யகோ  
• மொப்பசொல்  
• வய்யனோய்

தேமுல  
ஸாஸஸ  
காளுமம்  
ஸாஸஸ  
நேகைக  
பாபம  
நேற்கினி  
நிநிபம

கும்மணிக்  
நிகமக  
மாரீனவெ  
ஸபாம  
ளாரத்தெ  
பாபப  
பென்னட  
பஸ்ராநி

கோல் செல்ல  
ரிமகரி  
மாபிளந்தான்  
கரிரிஸ  
முதுசொல்  
பரிப  
நையமுமை  
பமகரி

வீவில்சீர்  
ஸரிநீ  
தன்னை  
ஸரிகா  
மாலைகள்  
பஸ்ஸா  
யுமே  
ஸரிகா

2

- **நையகண்**
- **செய்யகோ**
- **மொய்யசொல்**
- **வய்யநோய்**

மேலுதரை  
ணன் விண்ணோர்  
மாலேக  
தும்வியன்

மாப்பின்  
தன்னை  
எப்பெற்றேன்  
யவே.

தாளம்: ஆதி (சௌக்கம்)

#### 4.6. கிரப்பாண

1

- தீர்ப்பு  
பாறை  
ஸர்ஸுத  
பாலிவ்

யாமினி  
நிஸ்கரி  
வொண்ணு  
மபகா  
தான்  
தநி தநி  
னூர்க்கி  
ஸாஸ்த

னம்  
 பதபம  
 ற நன்  
 ஸா, ரிக  
 து அின்  
 ஸ், நிஸ்  
 தை து  
 த்தா ப

து மன்  
நீதி  
துதேறி  
பா நித  
வெல்வித்த  
ஸ்நிதப  
கின்ற  
மகரிஸ

2.

- திசைக் கின்று  
வம்/இசைப் பின்று  
, திசைப் பின்று  
நீர்/இசைக் கின்று

தேயிவள்  
நீர்  
யே  
ராகில்  
நோயி  
ணங்கா  
சங்  
நன்

து மிக்  
டும் இ  
குசக்  
றே யில்

ரும்	தெய்
வமன்றி	து
றிவள்	கேட்க
இதுகாண்	யினே.



1.

சீல  
ஸாஸ  
ஞால  
பூம  
காலந்  
ரீம  
கேஹ  
ரிபம

மில்லாச்  
ஸாஸா  
முண்டாய்  
மாமா  
தோரும்  
பாபா  
மேனி  
மாமக

னேலும்  
ஸாஸா  
முந்தி  
கரி  
ருந்து  
பாபா  
வாராய்  
கரிநி

சய்வி  
ஸாரி  
நாரா  
நிந்  
கைத  
பாப  
கூவி  
நிந்

னேயோ  
நிஸநிஸ  
யனா  
ஸாகா  
லேபு  
பாதா  
யுங்கொள்  
ஸாகா

பெரி  
ஸகரி  
வென்றென்று  
நிஸஸ  
சலிட்  
மமக  
ளா  
நிஸஸ

தால்  
ரீ—  
ஸா—  
டால்  
ரீரீ  
யே  
ஸா—

2.

கொள்ள  
வள்ள  
நள்ளி  
கள்ள

லின்ப  
வையங்  
நன்ப  
வுள்ளே

வெள்ளம்  
கொண்ட  
கலம்  
என்கண்

கோதி  
வாம  
நானி  
காண்

லந்தந்  
னுவோ  
ருந்தேத  
வந்தீ

திரும்  
வென்றென்  
லமிட்  
யா

என்  
று  
டால்  
ய

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# நாகம் ஆனந்தபைலி

1.

ஏறும்  
கம்பாபா  
கூறும்  
கம்பாமா  
நீறும்  
பாபா  
மாறன்  
பக்ரீஸ்

இறையேனும்  
பாபா  
தனியுடம்பன்  
கரிஸாந்  
படியாக  
பஸ்ஸாஸ்  
கவராத  
ரீஸநிதபம

திசைசுகனும்  
கம்பா  
குலங்குலமா  
ஸமகா  
நிருமித்தான்  
நிஸ்காரீ  
மணியாமை  
கம்பாமா

திருமகளும்  
கரிகாமா  
வசர்களை  
நிகஸாஸா  
படைதொட்ட  
ஸ்தநீஸா  
குறைவிலேமே  
கரிகாமா

தாளம்: தில்லா நடைரகம்

2.

மணியாமை  
அணியானத்  
பணியானம்  
மணியாயன்

குறைவில்லா  
தடைவரைத்தாள்  
பிழையாமே  
கவந்த

மலர்மாதர்  
அடலாழித்  
அடியேனேப்  
மடநெஞ்சால்

உறைமார்பன்  
தடக்கையன்  
பணிகொண்ட  
குறைவிலேமே

1.	நண் ..ஸரி எண் ..ஸத கண் ..மப தண் ..ஸத	ஐதார் மா மா ஐராத் பத பம ஐளா காமா ஐவா பதபம	முறுவ ம மா ம துயர்வி ககா ம கடல்க ப பா ப தழியே க காம	லிப்ப மா மா ளக்கும் ரி ரீ டைந்தாய் பாபா னை கரிகா	நல் ..மா இவை ..ஸரி உன ..ஸத பணி ..ஸரி	லுற்றார் மா மா யென்ன பா மா கழற்கே பதப கண்டாய் பாமா	கரைந்தேங் க, மபகா, வலகி கரிரி வரும்ப மபாத சாமா க காம	கரிர் (ஸ)
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2

சா தே கூ கூ	மாறும் மாறிக் மாறென் மாறே	கெடு கிடந் றறியேன் விரைகண்	மாறும் தலற்றும் நான் டாய்	..தம ..இவை ..அர ..அடி	நுற்றார் பென்ன வனையா பேனைக்	தலைத்த வலகி யம்மா குறிக்கொண் டே	லைப்பெய் யற்கை ளே
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#### 4. 10. ஒன்றுந்தேவுங்

சாகம் குந்தவராளி

தாளம் மிச்சாசாபு

1.	ஒன்றும் மாம அன்று மபத ஒன்றும் மரித நின்ற தாஸ்	தேவும் ஸாஸா நாள்முகன் மாமம போல்மணி தாமத வாதிபி ம்மக்	உலகு ஸம க தன் கஸஸ மாட மாத் ரான் ஸ்ாநி	முயிரும் பாபா இனாடு ஸதடா நீடு ஸ்ாஸ் நிற்க தபதஸ்	மற்றும் மதஸ் தேவ மாத திருக்கு தஸ்க் மற்றெறத் பதஸ்	யாதுயில் நீதப ருலகோ மதஸ்ரி றுகூ ஸ்ாஸ் தெய்வம் நீதப	லா மபதப டுயிர்ப்ப நீதப ரத தஸ்நி நாடு மபதப பரிதப மா	பரிதபமா டைத்தான் பரிதப மா னுள் நிததா திரே பரிதப மா
2.	நாடி வீழல் மாட பாடி	நீர்வணங் சாப்புகழ் மாளிகை யாடிப்	குந் ஆதி தூழ்ந்தழ பரவிச்	தெய்வமும் பிரான் காய சென்மின்கள்	உம்மை அவன் திருக்கு பல்லு	யும் மேவி ருகூ லகீர்	படைத் யுற ரத பரந்	தான் கோயில் னை தே

சாகம்: குறிஞ்சி

தாளம்: மட்டம்

1.

கையாள் சக்

கரத்தென்

கருமாணிக்

கமேயென்

நென் று

ஸலாஸ

ஸலாஸ

ஸரீஸ

ஸநிரிஸ

தநிநீ

பொய்யேகை

ம்மைசொல்லி

புறமேபு

ஹமேயா

டி

ப ஸாஸ

ஸரீரீ

கமபம

கரிஸரி

ஸா,,

மெய்யேபெற்

நெழிந்தேன்

வீதிவாப்க்கின்

ஹகாப்பா

ரா,,

ரிகாம

ம ம மா

கமபம

கரிஸரி

ரீ,,

ஐயோகண்

ணபிரான்

அறையோவி

னிப்போனு

லே

பு ஸாஸ

ஸரீரீ

கமபம

கரிஸரி

ஸா,,

2.

போனாப்பா

மருதின்

நடுவெயன்

பொல்லாம

ணியே

தேனியின்

னமுதேயென்

நென்றேசி

லக்கூத்துச்

சொல்ல

தானேலெம்

பெருமான்

அவனென்னு

கியொழிந்

தான்

வானேமா

னிலமே

மற்றுமுற்

றுமென்னுள்ள

ன வே

70

சாகம்: கம்பீரநாட்டை

தாளம்: ஆதி

1.

பொலிக

பபபா

பொலிக

போயிற்

றுவல்

லுயிர்ச்சா

ஸலாஸ

பநீஸ்

நீஸ்கா

ஸ்ஸ்ஸரி

பரிஸ்ரி

நலியும்

கழும்

கைந்த

பரிஸ்ரி

மிக்

கமபரி

கமபம

கா கா

கமபம

மகபம

கலியும்

கெடும்

கொண்மின்

பூதங்கள்

மண்

கமபரி

பரிஸ்ரி

ஸாஸா

நிலக்கக்

கஸ்ஸா

மலியப்

புஞந்

நிஸ்க்க்

யுழிதரக்

கண்

நிஸ்கா

பம பம

கமபரி

ஸ்ரிபம

மகபம

பமகா

பநீஸ்

கைந்த

பரிஸ்ரி

பமகா

கிஸ்

கமபம

கா கா

கமபம

காஸா

மேல்

பரிஸ்ரி

நிஸ்க்க்

யுழிதரக்

கண்

டோம்

பம பம

கமபரி

ஸ்ரிபம

காஸா

காஸா

பம பம

கமபரி

ஸ்ரிபம

காஸா

கண்

கண்டோங்

கண்ணுக்

கினியன

கண்டோம்

தொண்டர்

வீரும்

தொழுதுதொ

முதுநின்

றுர்த்

வண்டார்

ணந்து

மாதவன்

பூதங்கள்

மண்

பண்டான

றுடிப்

பரந்து

திரிகின்

ற

வே

கண்டோங்

கண்ணுக்

கினியன

கண்டோம்

தும்

கண்டோங்

கண்ணுக்

கினியன

கண்டோம்

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1.

சோதிபென்

செய்ய

வாய்மணிக்கு

குன்றத்

தை

மாசறு

தாபம

பதநிஸ்

நிதபம

தநிஸ்ரி

ஸ்ரீ,

சிலனை

யாதி

மூர்த்தி

யை

நாடியே

ஸ்நிதப

மகபம

தபபம

கா,,

மகரிஸ

வெய்தி

அறிவி

முந்தெனை

நானே

யம்

பாபா

பதநித

, பமா

பகமா

நிததா

மூரவர்

கவ்வை

தோழி

பென்செய்யு

மே

காரிஸ்

ரிநிதம

தநிஸ்

ஸ்நிதப

மகரிஸ

2.

என்செய்யு

கவ்வை

தோழி

யினிநம்

மை

என்செய்ய

கண்ணன்

என்

னை

நிறைகொண்டான்

முன்செய்ய

யிமுந்து

மேனி

மெலிவெய்

தி

என்செய்ய

கருங்

கண்ணும்

பயப்பூர்ந்

தவே

72

ஏகம் பெளனி

5. 4. ஊரெல்லாம்

தானம்: திஸ்ர நடைஏகம்

1.

ஊரெல்லாம்

துஞ்சி

உலகெல்லாம்

ஸரிகாகா

பாபா,,

கபதாபா

நீரெல்லாம்

தேறியோர்

நீளிரவாய்

கதபாதப

கபகரிஸா

ஸரிகாகா

பாரெல்லாம்

உண்டாம்

பாம்பணையான்

பகபாதா

ஸாஸாஸா

பதஸ்ஸஸ்ஸா

ஆரெல்லே

வல்வினையேன்

ஆவிகாப்

பதஸாஸா

ஸ்ததபபா

காபதபா

பாபரினியார்

மாயோர்

காபதபா

வண்ணனென்

நெஞ்சமே

நீண்டும்

2.

ஆவிகாப்

பாபரினியார்

ஆழ்கடல்மண்

மாவிசார

மாயோர்

வல்லிரவாய்

காவியேர்

வண்ணனென்

கண்ணனும்

பாபரினியே

நெஞ்சமே

நீண்டும்

வாரசாலு

காலையே

நீண்டும்

கலையே

காலையே

நீண்டும்

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1.

எங்ங  
நிகரி  
நங்கள்  
பாஸ்  
சங்கி  
தநிநி  
செங்க  
தநிஸ்

னேயோ  
ஸாஸ்த  
கோலத்  
நிதபதப  
னோடும்  
தநிநி  
னிவா  
ரிஸ்ரிம்கர்

மீர்காள்  
நிதபம  
றுங்குடி  
காரிஸ்  
யாடும்  
பாபா  
னோடும்  
நிதபம

என்னை  
பாத  
நம்பி  
கரிநி  
தாம  
மதப  
செல்கின்  
பாஸ்

முனிவது  
நீதநி  
யையான்  
ஸா ரீ  
ரைக்கண்  
காரிக  
நதென்  
ஸநிதபமகமப

நீர்  
ஸா,  
கண்ட  
காரி  
கனோ  
மபதம  
நெஞ்ச  
காசி

2.

என்நெஞ்  
தென்னஞ்  
மின்னு  
மன்னு

நோக்கிக்  
திருக்கு  
குண்ட  
நான் கு

காணீர்  
றுங்குடி  
லமும்  
தோளும்

என்னை  
நம்பி  
மாட்டில்  
வந்தெங்

முனியா  
யையான்  
திரு  
கும்பின்

த  
பின்  
ஷம்  
மே

74

சாகம்: யதுருவகாபோஜி

5. 6. கடல் ஞாலம்

தாளம்: மீரசாபு

1.

.... கடல்  
ஸரி  
கடல்  
ஸரி  
கடல்  
மக  
கா கடல்  
பா ஸரி

ஞாலம்சய்  
பமமக  
ஞாலம்கொண்  
ஸாஸரி  
ஞாலமுண்  
பாபத  
ஞாலத்தீர்க்கி  
மம

தேனும்பா  
ககம  
தேனும்பா  
பாத  
தேனும்பா  
ஸாநி  
வையென்  
கமபம

னையென்னும்  
பாமக  
னையென்னும்  
ஸாநிகரி  
னையென்னும்  
ஸாஸ்ஸ  
சொல்லுகேன்  
பதலா

கடல்  
மக  
கடல்  
ஸரி  
கடல்  
தத  
கடல்  
பம

ஞாலமா  
நிகமக  
ஞாலம்கீன்  
மபதஸ்  
ஞாலம்  
ஸநிநித  
தத  
ஞாலத்தென்  
புஸ்பம

னையென்னும்  
ஸரிகரி  
னையென்னும்  
கரிஸ  
தீசன்வந்  
நிதப  
கள்கற்கின்  
ககக  
கமரீ

2.

.... கற்  
.... கற்  
.... கற்  
.... கற்  
.... கற்

கும்கல்விக்க  
கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்விச்  
கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்வி

கற்  
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கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்வி  
கும்கல்வி

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கற்  
கற்

75



1.

மானேயம்  
ஸாஸா  
வானூர்  
ஸாகரி  
தேனூர்  
நிதிதம  
கோலு  
கீர்க்கரி

நோக்கு  
நிபிதி  
வண்குழ  
காமக  
சோலைகள்  
நிதிஸ்நி  
கரையடி  
கீர்க்கரி

நல்லீர்  
ஸா,,  
கும்  
மா,,  
குழ்தி  
ஸ்நி,  
யேன்  
ஸ்நி,  
நி

...வை  
,, நிஸ்  
...மது  
,,கம  
ரு  
நிஸ்நி,  
டி  
தா,,

வினேயேன்  
கரிசும  
கை  
கீர்கா  
வாமுறை  
தா நித  
தென்றுகொ  
ஸாநித

மெலிய  
கீர்கம  
கமமும்  
கமகரி  
யும்  
நிஸ்நித  
லோ  
மககரி

—  
கரிஸா  
—  
ஸா,,  
—  
மா,,  
—  
ஸா,,

2

என்றுகொல்  
பொன்திகழ்  
தென்னல்  
நின்றபி

கான்  
கிழ்  
மும் தி  
நீற

—எம்  
—புது  
ரு  
டி

மைநீர்  
மாத  
வல்ல  
யோங்

நலிந்தென்  
வி மீ  
வாழ்நக  
கொண்டு

செய்தி  
தண  
ருள்  
துடுவ

ரோ  
வி  
—  
தே

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# 5. 10. பிதந்தவாறும்

ராகம்: ஸௌரகு

தாளம்: ஆதி

1.

பிறந்த  
ஸரிகரி  
திறங்கள்

வாரும்  
ரீர்  
காட்டியி  
ஸாஸரி  
தூடு  
மாதா  
வாந்கிட  
ஸ்ஸரி

வளர்ந்த  
ரிகாம  
டுச்செய்  
ஸதஸ்த  
புகடுகன  
தநிஸ்நி  
ரேயுன்  
ஸ்தநித

வாரும்  
பாபா  
து  
நிதபா  
தாவியை  
ஸ்ஸஸ்  
னை  
பநிதப

புபரிய  
நிந்த  
போன  
நிஸ்நி  
நின்று  
நிஸ்நி  
பென்றுகொல்  
ரிகமப

பாரதங்  
பதமா  
மாயங்க  
ரிகமபம்  
நின்றுருக்  
ஸ்தநித  
சேர்வது  
மககம

கைசெய்  
காமரி  
ளும்  
பா  
கியுண்கின்  
பதநித  
வே  
ரீ,,

தைவர்க்கு  
கரிஸா  
—  
"  
றவிச்  
பா.ஸ்  
—  
ஸா,,

3.

பெய்யுங்  
செய்ய  
பெய்யுன்  
பைய

பூங்குழல்  
பாதமொன்  
வார்த்தையு  
வேநி

பெய்முலை  
றால்  
என்னையோல்  
லையும்

யுண்ட  
செய்த  
கொள்ள  
வந்தென்

பிள்ளைத்  
நிச்சிறுவச்  
நீயுள்  
நெஞ்சை

தேற்றமும்  
சேவக  
தாமரைக்  
யுருக்குங்க

பேபர்ந்தோர்  
மும்  
கண்கள்நீர்  
ளே

சாடிற்  
—  
யல்க  
—

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गुरु स्तुति:

राग श्री

ताल रूपक

बहुवी

नमः श्री वीरवन्नरुल्ल शठकोपमहोपाध्याय संगीताचार्याय (नमः)

अनुपलब्धी

पण्डित पामर तोषद कोविदाय  
भारतीय संस्कृतिहिताय शुभाय वराय (नमः)

चरणम्

शास्त्र संप्रदाय योजकाय  
सुप्रसिद्ध त्याग रसाय  
त्याग भारती विद्यालय-  
स्थापकाय पोषकाय चिराय नमो (नमः)



समियन

गुरुसुखमनवीत्य प्राह वेदानशेषान्  
नरपतिपरिकल्पं शुक्लमादातुकामः ।  
इवशुरममरवन्धं रज्जनाथस्य साक्षात्  
द्विजकुलतिलकं तं विष्णुचित्तं नमामि ॥

पेरियाळ्वार रचित  
ति रूप ला ण्डु  
(हिन्दी रुपान्तर)  
श्रीरामभारती

राग भङ्गादि

ताल खण्डचापु, आदि

बहुवर्ष बहुवर्ष बहुसैकड़ों वर्ष बहुकोटि लाखों शुभ  
मल्लयुद्ध बाहूँ मणिवर्ण तेरे परलबित पादों में हम रक्षणी  
हम और तुममें सम्बन्ध बने रहे सहस्र शुभ बहुवर्ष  
बलिहारी तेरे बक्ष में बसे कमल देवी शुभ बहुवर्ष  
बढता ज्योतिशतः किरणों धर चक्र को शुभ बहुवर्ष  
रण में घोर भय करता तेरे पाञ्चजन्य रहे बहुवर्ष

राग बन्पासि

ताल आदि

भवसागर में बन्धे हुए बन्धो आके मदी और गन्ध धरो  
खाना में बन्धे लोगों को अपने गुट में हम मिलने नहीं देंगे  
सातों जन्म में दोषहीन हैं हम ही राक्षसों का श्रीलंका  
पातालों सा रण में किया जिनको बहुवर्ष गाते आते हैं

शितिलजगत में लगने से पहले आके हमारे गुट में मिललो  
सम दिल वाले लोगों मितफल छोड़ तुरंत सम मिल लो  
गांव में नगर में गुंज उठे नमो नारायणाय कहे  
गाने को मन किये भक्त जनों आके बहुवर्ष गाइये

राग कल्याणी

ताल आदि

अण्डकुलों के अधिपति होके असुर और राक्षसों को  
चण्डाल कुलों को छोड़के हटायें हृषीकेश देव को  
भक्त कुलों में हो बन्दन कर पादको नाम सहस्र कहते  
पूर्वी कुलों को छोड़के सौ वर्ष सहस्र बहुवर्ष गाइये

मेरे तात तात और तात के परदादे सात जनम से होके  
आकर फिर फिर सेवा करते हैं शरवण की मेला में  
सन्धि समय में मृग रूप धरके अरि को संहार किये जिनको  
बन्धन छूट सहस्र सौवर्ष सहस्र बहुवर्ष गाइये

राग कुन्तलवराली

ताल आदि

तीव्र किरण के ज्वलन सी ज्योति धर सिरी चक्र के  
मन्दिर अङ्गारों से अंकित करके कुल कुल दास बने हैं  
माया लिङ्गित बाणन के दश शत बाहूँ कटके गिरे  
रक्त झरन किये चक्र सुधारी को बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

घृतभर शुद्धोदन और नियतम आस्थान सेवा फल  
कर में सुधारी और कण्ठ में माला कण्ठों में कुण्डल दो  
तन में सुचन्दन देकर मुझे शुद्धात्मा बनाने में बल्लभ  
फणि धर नाग वैरी ध्वजा को मैं बहुवर्ष गाता हूँ

राग पुजागवराळी

(पंचम स्थायी पर)

ताल आदि

पहनाके पीतक वस्त्र को तेरे पहनके शेष भुञ्जी  
 गहनाके फूलों की तुलसी माला गहनते भक्त हैं हम  
 विशुद्ध दिशा में करम को निर्माकर श्रवण की मेला में  
 पड़े फणि नाग को पलङ्क बनाये को बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

जिस दिन मेरे भगवान तेरे हम दास बने लिखे गये  
 उस दिन ही मेरे सारे परिवार छुट के उज्जीवित हुए देख  
 शुभ दिन आकर पुरी मथुरा में धनुष भञ्जन पंचशिरो  
 फणी नाग पर नर्तन किये देव तुझे बहुवर्ष गाते हैं

राग भैरवी

ताल आदि

कल्मष कोई बिना अणि गोष्ठीपुरी के अभिमान तुझ  
 शैलवन जैसे सिरीमाली में भी तेरे ही पुरातन दास हूँ  
 भले भांती नमो नारायणा ऐसे नामों बहु कहकै  
 बहु विधियों से पवित्रन हे तुझे बहुवर्ष गाता आता हूँ

राग सुरदी

ताल आदि

बहुवर्षेति पवित्रन को परमेष्ठी को शार्ङ्गधन्वी  
 धनुर्धारी को वै विष्णुपुत्र विष्णुचित्त के कहे प्रिय बोल  
 शुभवर्ष ऐसे जो समझके गाने नमो नासन्ननाय कहके  
 बहुवर्ष भगवान को जो परम प्रेम करे सो बहुवर्ष